Father,
from Will.
July 26th 1890

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

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THE PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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Complete in Thirteen Volumes.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:
LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.
1890.

SIGILLVM BALIVE

THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS

AND ILLUSTRATIVE PIECES.

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PREFACE.

SHAKESPEARE, through all his images of life in action, shows a spirit that has caused his works to be called rightly a Lay Bible. Three principles lie at the heart of all his teaching:—LOVE GOD, LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR, DO YOUR WORK.

The highest Literature is expression of the highest Life. Stories of human action are, of course, the images of joys and sorrows common to us all, and to be interesting they must show how the thread of one man's life runs with the threads other men spin, here or there, into knots that have to be untied or cut. When Aristotle in his Poetics writes of Plays, he begins by pointing out that of the six parts of which a Play consists, the Action is the chief. "For Tragedy," he says—and what he says of Tragedy applies to all true Drama—"is not an imitation of particular persons, but of Actions in general, of human Life, of good and ill Fortune, for Fortune depends upon Action, and though the Manners of men are derived from their Qualities, their Happiness and Misery depend on their Actions. Actions, then, are not represented for the purpose of imitating Manners, but Manners are comprehended at the same time by means of the Action. . . . If a set of moral sentences should be put together with the Language and Sentiment well executed, it would by no means produce the

effect of tragedy, which would be much rather obtained by a tragedy that, possessing these in an inferior degree, had a Fable and combination of incidents. It must be added that the sudden Revolution of Fortune, and the Discovery, which are the principal causes of a tragedy being interesting, are parts of the Fable." All this is illustrated by the Plays of Shakespeare. Deeply religious in their view of life, they show life as it is, through scenes that never stay the action for a preachment, but continuously tell their story, or pause only to show the springs of action, in the most spiritual utterances of the poet's thought. If they delayed presentment of the Action, which has only to show deeds and motives of the doer, with the way they affect other persons in the story, then the finest passages of poetry, the noblest utterances of the highest truth, would be excrescences ; they would be something other than the play.

It is a main purpose of this Edition of Shakespeare to show how in plays of his—as Aristotle put it—" Manners are comprehended by means of the Action." A study of Shakespeare's method in dealing with the main part of a play, especially his way of bringing Unity into the Action, ought not to be profitless.

What fuller source is there of our delight in tales, novels, and plays, than our own part in life? Each of us lives a story. Our own lives have their complications, and it interests us much to know how other adventurers untie their knots, and conquer or are conquered by the troubles of the world. In Shakespeare's world there is a genial and full

presentment to us of the life we live. The men and women speak and act from motives of an infinite variety, and indicate their characters just as they do upon the larger stage.

Shakespeare's dramatic genius enabled him, as if by miracle, to enter into every character that he created; so that his people are not drawn as men are usually seen, from without; but, stirred as from within, they act and react on one another, and show subtle disturbances of mood and thought. We draw inferences from chance words of self-betrayal, from comparison such as we make when we desire to understand acquaintance, friend, or enemy, who lives and moves about us. Different minds may form different opinions of a character in Shakespeare. We discuss it as we might discuss the sayings or the doings of a living person. Other dramatists, who paint men as they see them from without, give us no opportunity for question as to what they see and what they wish to represent. From this point of view alone, the Plays of Shakespeare would repay a life of study.

But even if the noble plays of the Greek dramatists from which Aristotle drew his principles of dramatic poetry had given him a conception of such character-painting as Shakespeare was the first and last to show, his Poetics would nevertheless have placed the Action first, the Character-painting or the Manners second in importance, among the six parts of a play. Next to these he placed the Sentiments expressed, and then the Language that expressed them; after that the

Music (which was more closely associated with the Greek stage than with ours), and last of all, the Decorations of the Stage, which, he said, "have the least connection with the Poetic Art. For the power of tragedy is independent of the performance and the actors; and in preparing the decorations, the art of the manager of the theatre is more conspicuous than that of the poet." But let it here be noted that an actor faithful to his art is on our English stage a skilled interpreter, who makes the art of the poet often felt where it would lie hidden without his aid. Shakespeare's Plays were written to be acted, and so written as to produce pictures of life highly suggestive often by mere grouping of the persons on the stage, which certainly was present to him while he wrote. Thus after much has been learnt by reading a play of his, there is always more to learn from seeing it.

Let us return now to the action, in which the chief interest of a play must lie. I believe that when Shakespeare was about to write a play, in the first place he looked simply for an interesting story. I do not believe that he ever said to himself, "I want to teach this or that moral truth; let me look for a tale to teach it through." He simply looked for a good story of a kind that could be shown in action, and would interest an audience of all classes of men and women, including, for the greater part, a kindly multitude of people who had little to bring to the appreciation of his work beyond their natural perceptions and sympathies. His story he knew to be good, in proportion as it

came straight home to "men as they are men within themselves."

The story having once been chosen, only because it admitted of dramatic treatment and was interesting, the next thought must needs be for its shaping as a play. It would have to be thought over; the whole treatment of the plot, and the division of its known whole into five clearly defined stages of action, would have to be resolved upon. The modern dramatist also makes out his plan for treatment of the story, its divisions into acts, and the distribution of the parts of each act into scenes. The *scenario*, so sketched, he often takes a manager's opinion upon, before he begins to clothe his skeleton with flesh and blood and tries to breathe part of his own life into it and make it live. Whoever, after reading any play of Shakespeare's, with the whole plot in his mind, will glance through it again to observe how it was divided into acts, will soon find that Shakespeare also had the whole plot in his mind when he planned how it would best be sub-divided. There is also, in little words or incidents that, on a second reading, we find serving to prepare the mind for incidents to follow, constant evidence that Shakespeare worked from the first words of the first scene with knowledge of the complete plan and spirit of the action.

In considering the treatment of the story, chosen in the first place only because it was interesting and admitted of dramatic treatment, any good dramatist would have to begin by determining the point of view from which his picture of life should

be drawn. Having resolved on that, he would consider which parts of his chosen story he would use, which he would omit, transpose, or alter, to bring all lines of his work into harmony as seen from the established point of view. This care secures the Unity without which there can be no perfect work of art. The painter, in his perspective, and in combinations and gradations of his colouring; the musician, in his way of harmonising even but a song, of which the words also must have unity of motive in the feeling they express; the sculptor, in whose work outline of every part is brought into harmonised relation to the other lines in the whole piece; all know the need of a true Unity, and Shakespeare's plays would not affect us as they do if he had sought and not attained it.

It is not necessary to enjoyment of a work of art that we should understand the principles on which it is constructed. The peasant may sit in the sunshine, and thank God for it, though he know nothing of actinic or caloritic rays; and he may look with loving eyes upon the photograph of his one boy in a far land, without knowing how it was shot to him upon an arrow from Apollo. The light of Shakespeare's genius blesses wise and simple, rich and poor; it shines on the poetical, it shines on the prosaic, for it comes in at all our windows. In the same way thousands of men undisciplined in music have souls to be touched by the strains of Beethoven. Yet there may be fuller enjoyment by the student who has learnt a little of the Art, framed upon principles of

Nature, that he finds used by the master to lift earth to heaven.

A play being a picture of human life in action, if it be written for the world at large, must have its point of sight in some one principle of active life, some truth of human nature that comes home to all of us. And the point of sight must not be merely in some one such truth, but in that one which especially belongs to the action in which lies the gist of the whole story. Shakespeare looked for that; and made, in each play, that only the motive of his whole design. How could he have made "glorification of the House of Tudor" motive of a play? "Glorification of the House of Tudor" is not a principle that Nature planted in the heart of man. How could he have planned *The Tempest* to set forth a system of psychology? Nature has not planted in us metaphysical puzzles as the springs of action. Truths old as the first age of man, that will endure as long as man shall be—essential truths of life—lie at the heart of the best tales of human joy and sorrow. Shakespeare deals only with these; and he so deals with them as to suggest in all, by magic of his art, his own views of the way to live.

The ripening of Shakespeare's power brings with it no change of spirit. His mastery over his art advances, and the method of his early plays remains that of the latest. But although his views of life remain, as we shall find, unchanged, there comes a thoroughness into the handling of his art that is marked strongly by the difference between an early play like the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

and a late play like *Macbeth*. In Shakespeare himself also there is unbroken Unity ; there is no change in him but that of growth.

The plays are arranged, as nearly as may be, in a sequence reasonably corresponding to the order of production. There are plays of which the dates of production cannot be known with certainty. There are plays also designed to form a sequence, and these are here printed in sequence, although other pieces may have been produced in intervals between them.

It often happens that there is light thrown upon Shakespeare's art by observation of the changes made by him in treatment of older pieces taken for the groundwork of his plays. In aid, therefore, of a more thorough study of his genius, I have, as far as possible, given these pieces, in description or in partial or complete reprint, together with the plays that Shakespeare formed from them.

The text of the plays themselves has been throughout carefully read with that of the first folio, and of the quartos when there were any ; use being made of the letter-perfect reprint of the first folio, published some years ago by Mr. Booth, and of the photographic reproductions of the quartos published more recently by Mr. Quaritch. I have endeavoured to get rid of the superfluity of punctuation, and of the needless elisions and apostrophes with which the text of Shakespeare is still often encumbered ; and have tried in every way to give a text as true and complete as the state of the original editions will allow. Some misprints have slipped through, no doubt ; and sometimes I know

I have left a reading that should not have been preferred. But there has been no neglect of the letter of the text, although the special aim of this edition is to show how a great Artist put his mind into his work.

H. M.

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FOLIO OF 1623,

The First Edition of the Collected Plays of Shakespeare.

Title Page :—"Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, Published according to the True Originall Copies." [Inserted Portrait engraved by Martin Droeshout.] "London: Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623."

Colophon, on last leaf of the volume :—"Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623."

On a fly-leaf opposite the Portrait in the Title Page are these lines by Ben Jonson :—

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

THE DEDICATION OF THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the most Noble and incomparable Paire of Brethren, William Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most excellent Maiesty.

And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L. L. we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For,

so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of yovr H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reache foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we must humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.*

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, and you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so as you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But

* Malone and others have thought Ben Jonson the writer of "To the Great Variety of Readers." He could hardly have written more than the first paragraph.

since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued them: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarse receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623:—

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what 's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead
(Though missed) until our bankrout stage be sped—
Impossible—with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be expressed,

Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crowned with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the Memory of M. W. Shakespeare.

We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That 's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.*

* Perhaps John Marston.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author,
Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much;
'T is true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportioned muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;

But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat.—
Such as thine are,—and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet 's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turnéd and true-filéd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

.

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN IONSON.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic Poet, Master William Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapped, go now and
wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turned all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave,—
Death's public tiring-house—the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

Among verses added in the Second Folio (1632).

*An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.**

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piléd stones;
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepúlchered, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

* These, written by John Milton, then aged 24, were the first of Milton's verses that appeared in print. They were not signed by him in the folio, but were claimed when he included them, thirteen years later, in the first edition of his poems.

THE

WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

Containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first Originall.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYES.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuel Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armyn.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Vnderwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
Iohn Shancke.
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The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
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The Comedy of Errors.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Love's Labour's Lost.
Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
As You Like It.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All's Well that Ends Well.
Twelfth Night, or What you Will.
The Winter's Tale.

HISTORIES.

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The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The Life of King Henry the Fifth.

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.

The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

TRAGEDIES.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Titus Andronicus.

Romeo and Juliet.

Timon of Athens.

The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

King Lear.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

NOTE.—*Troilus and Cressida* was added as an afterthought. It is not in the original Table of Contents, but is placed first in the Collection of the Tragedies without being included in the paging. The whole number of plays in the first folio is, therefore, 36. *Pericles* was not printed in folio till 1664.

Titus Andronicus.

King Henry VI.—Part I.

King Henry VI.—Part II.

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Complete in Thirteen Volumes.

CASSELL. & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

1890.

SIGILLVM

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

WITH

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

Of *Titus Andronicus* there were two quarto editions printed for Edward White, near the little north door of St. Paul's, at the sign of the "Gun." The first quarto, in 1600, gave the play "As it hath been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Darbie, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain, their servants." The second quarto, in 1611, gave it "As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants." Neither of these quartos names Shakespeare as the author of the play, although at either date his name would have strongly recommended it to readers.

But in the *Palladis Tamia* Francis Meres included *Titus Andronicus* in the list of Shakespeare's tragedies; and in the first folio of 1623, into which his fellow-players Heminge and Condell collected Shakespeare's works, *Titus Andronicus* is included.

In the registers of the Stationers' Company there was entered to John Danter, on the 6th of February, 1593 (new style, 1594), "a Noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus," and on the same day was "entred alsoe vnto him by warraunt from Master Woodcock the ballad thereof." This agrees with the statement in Langbaine's "Account of English Dramatic Poets," published in 1691, that *Titus Andronicus* was "first

printed, quarto, London, 1594." Of the edition of 1600 only two copies exist. Of the edition of 1594, which Langbaine knew two hundred years ago, no copy is now known to exist. We may take, therefore, the year 1594 as the date of the first printing of *Titus Andronicus* in its present form. It is the year also of the first printing of *The True Tragedy of King Richard III.*, which is given in this volume, together with *Titus Andronicus*, and has no connection, except likeness of subject, with the *Richard III.* of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's *Richard III.* was the first play certainly his that was printed in 4to, and the date of its publication was 1597.

In the year 1591 there was a piece acted in London called *Titus and Vespasian.* In Henslowe's Diary it is marked as a new play (*ne*) when he first mentions it on the 11th of April, 1591, and there are frequent mentions of it between that date and the 15th of January, 1593 [4], which show that it was popular. There is no Vespasian in the play ascribed to Shakespeare. The old play of *Titus and Vespasian* is lost in England. But Mr. Albert Cohn in his illustrations of "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" (published in 1865) gives the text of a tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, acted by English players in Germany about the year 1600, which is evidently a revision of *Titus and Vespasian*, for it does contain a Vespasian who is one of the sons of Titus.

The persons of the old play as acted in Germany were Vespasianus; The Roman Emperor; Titus Andronicus;

Andronica; Ætiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, Empress; Morian; Helicates, eldest son of Ætiopissa; Saphonus, second son of Ætiopissa; The Husband of Andronica (not otherwise named); Victoriades; a Messenger and White Guards. The play opens with a speech by Vespasian, who has the Roman Crown in his hand. This answers to the speech of Marcus Andronicus in the play ascribed to Shakespeare. Ætiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, becomes Tamora, Queen of the Goths, presented by Titus Andronicus to the Emperor. Morian corresponds to Aaron the Moor. Helicates and Saphonus, sons of Ætiopissa, who love Andronica, daughter of Andronicus, married to a husband who appears in the play, but has no name assigned to him, are Demetrius and Chiron, sons of Tamora, who love Lavinia, daughter of Andronicus, beloved by Bassianus.

In this German version of the old English play, after the scenes in the wood, when Morian causes Titus Andronicus to cut off his right hand to save two of his sons from execution, Titus's remaining son, Vespasian, and Titus's brother Victoriades, both offer their own hands for his. When they have gone to cast lots which shall make the sacrifice, and Titus meanwhile cuts off his own hand, on their return it is Vespasian who enters with rejoicing that the lot has fallen upon him. Then comes Morian, with the heads of the two sons of Titus and his hand returned to him; and Vespasian calls for sword and armour, that he may fight "not like a man, but like a furious devil," to avenge his father's wrong. Vespasian swoons at the sight of his sister Andronica, who enters with her

tongue and hands cut off. It is he, afterwards, who spreads sand on the floor, that she may take a staff between her stumps and write upon the sand the names of those who had thus injured her. The crimes of the day of the hunt are so discovered. The incidents of Morian—Aaron—and his child lead on to his capture by men of the army raised by Vespasian—in the other play, Lucius. Vespasian has marched through Italy, everywhere striking terror. He is resolved to seize the emperor, the empress and her two sons, when Morian and his child are found and brought to him, and the whole truth is told to him by Morian, who seeks thereby to save his child. Then follows the revenge of Titus, with all its horrible incidents. After Titus has killed Ætiopissa, the emperor kills Titus. Then Vespasian "leaps over the table" and kills the emperor. After which, says his uncle Victoriades, "O woeful, woeful! most harrowing sight. Ah, I shall never be happy again. Now, Vespasian, the empire belongs to you; place the crown on your head, and rule in peace." And so the play ends with Vespasian, son of Titus Andronicus, Emperor of Rome.

Thus, thanks to Mr. Albert Cohn, we have restored to us, in mangled form, the old play of *Titus and Vespasian*, with absolute certainty that it was the original of *Titus Andronicus*. We find in it all those crude horrors which Shakespeare himself could never have invented, but which were delightful to rough audiences that divided their attention between plays and bear-baiting, until the poets worked with finer magic on the minds of men.

Now, in the days when Shakespeare was a player, altering old plays with ready pen, but not yet known as a dramatic poet, there was this play of *Titus and Vespasian* greatly delighted in for its entanglement of horrors. Even the players might consider it absurd to associate a tale like this with the early life of the Roman Emperor Vespasian, notwithstanding the very bold use of emperors' names in the tales of the *Gesta Romanorum*. Shakespeare got rid of that absurdity. He distributed the business of Vespasian between Titus's brother Marcus and his son Lucius. He struck out other crudities, and gave here and there more poetical form to the sound and fury of the lines, taking good care rather to concentrate than to dilute the horrors which were the main feature of the play. One horror those early Elizabethans had not reached, and that is the misuse of the word "sensational," by which some moderns would describe plays of this kind. The play was to be, and was, of its kind thorough, after as before revision. It was no invention of Shakespeare's; it is not reconstructed upon Shakespeare's lines; but, as we see, characters were renamed, some of the matter was recast, crudities were struck out, here and there the writing was touched over, and some fresh lines were inserted. We find lines in which we feel young Shakespeare's touch, and while the whole construction of the play that Shakespeare worked upon is thoroughly unlike the inventions of Shakespeare himself, its crude horrors are, no doubt, felt the more intensely for his removal of absurdities in the first way of telling them, and for touches of his that gave

more pomp of words and more force to the style, with now and then some small hint of a grace beyond the reach of the inventor and first writer of the play.

The *True Tragedy of Richard III.*, added in this volume, is given as another example of a form of play beyond which Shakespeare made advance, that can be partly measured by comparing with it his own early tragedy on the same theme. But the reader of the old play, given here as it was first printed—with correction only of some obvious errors—will not fail to observe passages of blank verse printed as prose, lines wrongly divided, and other defects of the press that are not to be charged on the old poet, who did not want vigour, and whose work was evidently known to Shakespeare.

H. M.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*
BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People and Brother to Titus.*
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS, *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*
PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*
ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Sons to Tamora.*
AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.
TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*
LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*
A Nurse, and a black Child.
Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—ROME, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, SATURNINUS *and his Followers at one side, and* BASSIANUS *and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnaméd Pius

For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastiséd with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownéd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name.
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength.
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortune's and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS *go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned

From where he circumscribéd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of TITUS'S *Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then two other Sons. After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. They set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,

With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren,
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred réceptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressèd queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is marked, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that armed the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
Here grow no damnéd drugs; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter below MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and Tribunes; re-enter* SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovéd brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceaséd emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What should I don this robe, and trouble you,—
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipped to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor
And say,—'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress.
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To* TAMORA.] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing* LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may

Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Kills* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begged the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourished for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS *and his Followers;* TAMORA *and her Sons;* AARON *and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus, and challengèd of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonoured all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buriéd.

[MARCUS *and the Sons of* TITUS *kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renownéd Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS *is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord,—to .step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one door, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *at the other door,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less: and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothéd love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wronged;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath,
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forfend,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to* SATURNINUS.] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne.
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons
To whom I suéd for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor;—come, Andronicus:—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not: trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bon jour.*

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Rome. Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress.
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held fettered in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her, how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then, why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? would it offend you then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Forest near Rome.

Horns and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, *with Hunters, &c.*, Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.
[*Horns wind a peal.*

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—

Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promiséd your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have.
And to our sport. [*To* TAMORA.] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A lonely Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolléd in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise:
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathéd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy;
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bass. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandonéd her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transforméd limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to day;
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquestered from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-coloured love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
And when they showed me this abhorréd pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confuséd cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they called me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora;
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And, with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservéd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To* CHIRON.] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'T is true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means? away with her!

Lav. O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away with her, use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 't is not life that I have begged so long:
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stayed us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:

[*Dragging off* LAVINIA.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—The Same.

Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you: were 't not for shame
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*

Quint. What! art thou fallen?—What subtle hole is this
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stainéd hole?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewéd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring réceptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murderéd.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.

Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

Sat. [*To* TITUS.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discoveréd!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accurséd sons,
Accurséd, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene V.—The Same.

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
An if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Marc. Who 's this?—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word: where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopped and hewed, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflouréd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealéd, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life;
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with Martius *and* Quintus, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watched;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemnéd sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient urns
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attiréd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounced

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banishéd!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accurséd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.—
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he killed me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned and dead by this.
Look, Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they killed her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death:
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS's *hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatched.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it :
More hath it merited ; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—[*To* LAVINIA.] What! wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O, brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sentst the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA *kisses* TITUS.

Marc. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starvéd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banished son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,

That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room in TITUS's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
[*To* LAVINIA.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none,
Fie, fie! how frantickly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall too; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyred signs.
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that that I have killed, my lord,—a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone:
I see, thou art not for my company.
Marc. Alas! my lord, I have but killed a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast killed him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir : it was a black ill-favoured fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I killed him.
Tit. O, O, O !
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah !—
Yet I think we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :
I 'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories chancéd in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Rome. Before Titus's House.

Enter Titus *and* Marcus. *Then enter young* Lucius, Lavinia *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes!
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA *turns over with her stumps the books which* LUCIUS *had let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skilled;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—
What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think, she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact :—ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses :
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps, she culled it from among the rest

Tit. Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves !
Help her :
What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ! note, how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there !
Patterned by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*

I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once:
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You 're a young huntsman: Marcus, let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where 's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury:
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and Boy.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield ;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Demetrius, *and* Chiron, *at one door ; at another door, young* Lucius, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What 's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both deciphered, that 's the news,
For villains marked with rape. [*To them.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.
[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advancéd to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our belovéd mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she 's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam:
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you whore! Is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathéd choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white limed walls? ye ale-house painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchiséd and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampéd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chaféd boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the delivered empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third 's away.
Go to the empress; tell her this I said:

[*Stabbing her.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be receivéd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see, I have given her physic.

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *bearing off the dead Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remembered, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets,
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched:
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself:—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine:
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy; Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon :
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?
See, see ! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,
The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his lordship joy !

Enter the Clown, with a basket and two pigeons in it.

News ! news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Lords, and others:* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods—
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears—there nought hath passed
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignéd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
He'll so awake as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My graeious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! By 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne?—As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully!—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman;
Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
Of high-resolvéd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under condúct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus:
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'T is he the common people love so much :
Myself hath often overheard them say,
When I have walkéd like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody ;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his agéd ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To* Æmilius.] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius, *and an army of Goths, with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivéd letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let them make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we' ll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on curséd Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, *with his Child in his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renownéd Lucius, from our troops I strayed,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:—
'Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace,'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder ! [*A ladder brought, which* AARON *is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more ; but vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee
Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, calléd conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him:—therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murdered Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed, and 't was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pryed me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily, indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire:
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study where they say he keeps
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

TITUS *opens his study door.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they called?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore calléd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revengéd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him : he 's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him : he 's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor :
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us : this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'t is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have governed our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad.

And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of curséd hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit* TAMORA.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, *&c.*, *seize* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, Come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sir, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband, and for that vild fault
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vild heads be baked.—
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.—Court of TITUS's House. Tables set out.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and Goths; with* AARON *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accurséd devil.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart?

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallowed slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with* AARON. *Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with Tribunes, and others.*

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys sound.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a cook,* LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained, and defloured?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills* LAVINIA.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakéd in that pie
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Killing* TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurséd deed! [*Killing* TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Killing* SATURNINUS. *A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, *and their partisans go up into a gallery.*

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl

Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body,
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To* LUCIUS.] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my very utterance even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curséd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderéd our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravishéd our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself unkindly banishéd,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damned as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor!—

[*To Attendants.*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful
house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.—
[LUCIUS, *&c.*, *descend.*
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn
of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee
well;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom;
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closéd in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral right, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

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ACT I.

Enters TRUTH *and* POETRIE. *To them the Ghoast of George Duke of Clarence.*

Ghost. Cresce, cruor : sanguis satietur sanguine: cresce,
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta. [*Exit.*

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poet. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poet. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poet. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.
Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentith yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to staie the time,
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,

Leauing behind three branches of that line,
Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,
George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke,
Then Henry claiming after his decease
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.
Poet. But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?
Truth. Imprisoned he in the Tower of London lies
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosters Duke.
Poet. Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs?
Truth. It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,
Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine.
Poet. What shield was that he let fall?
Truth. A shield conteining this, in full effect,
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due reuenge:
Whereupon he writes, *Cresce, cruor:*
Sanguis satietur sanguine: cresce,
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta!
Poet. What maner of man was this Richard Duke of Gloster?
Truth. A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed, withall,
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.
Gentles suppose that Edward now hath raigned
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster:
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie
Wend with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EDWARD THE FOURTH, LORD HASTINGS, LORD MARCUS, *and* ELIZABETH. *To them* RICHARD.

Hast. Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.
Mar. An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,
Hourely attend the person of the King.
King. And welcome you Peeres of England vnto your King.
Hast. For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne thee downe.
Mar. I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne.
King. Why Nobles, he that laie me here
Can raise me at his pleasure.
But my deare friends and kinsmen,
In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,
And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.
And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly wise
To meete togither in this,
That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men
So would I haue that admonished and friendly fauours,
Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings
Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie yeares,
I leaue it to your discretions.
The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,
That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of amity betwixt you,
Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,
That at my last departure you may send my soule
To the ioyes celestiall:
For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,
Your lawfull King after my decease,
May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,
Which no doubt may bring comfort
To his famous realme of England.
But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)
What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,
For they are resolute in their ambition.

Eliz. Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
And submit your selues to each other :
And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
See here the aged King my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both :
Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the Queene,
And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,
And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.
King. Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of death,
And now must die being thus tormented in minde.
Hast. May it be that thou Lord Marcus,
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me.
Mar. May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.
Hast. No I am resolute, except thou submit.
Mar. If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,
And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.
King. Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
What will you do to the yoong Prince after my decease ?
For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to my self,
For these words strikes a second dying to my soule :
Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded
A greater thing then this at your hands,
But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
And so depart and trouble me no more.
Hast. With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,
Crauing humble pardon on my knees,
And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine enemy,
Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
And instance of his death.
King. Ah thankes Lord Hastings,

Eliz. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be vnited.
King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too obstinate.
Mar. My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
For my foule offence,
And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
That he may take reuenge, then once it shall be said,
I will offend my gratious suffereinge.
King. Now let me see you friendly giue one an other your hands.
Hast. With a good will ant like your grace,
Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
But now through intretie of my Prince,
I knit a league of amitie for euer.
Mar. Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To a shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,
That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
Their yoong withall,
But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect loue,
And liue friendship for euer.
King. Now for confirming of it, here take your oathes.
Hast. If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of friendship
Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.
Mar. Like oath take I, and craue confusion.
King. Confusion.
Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now at Ludlo,
Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,
And the rest of the Queenes kindred,
I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,
His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,
Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the Protector,
But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,
I leaue thee in a world of trouble,
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at my death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,
As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,
Still be bountifull in deuotion.
And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,
For I am so sleepie, that I must now make an ende,
And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty God,
My sauiour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth,
My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my sonne:
And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,
He that made me saue me,
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.

[*The King dies in his bed.*

Enter SHORES WIFE, *and* HURSLY *her mayde.*

Shor. O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?
But that thou art fortunate?
Those whom thou fauourest be famous,
Meriting mere mercie,
And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,
And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured me.

Hurs. Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,
You condemne your selfe,
For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

Shor. I as she hath aduanced me,
So may she throw me downe:
But Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

Hurs. Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie sicke man died.

Shor. Ah Hursly, my minde presageth
Some great mishaps vnto me,
For last time I saw the King, me thought
Gastly death approached in his face,
For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to all,
And still readie to preferre my friends,
To what preferment I could,
For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?
Of any thing, yea were it half his reuenewes,
I know his grace would not see me want,
And if his grace should die,
As heauens forfend it should be so,

I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,
And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,
And if the King scape, as I hope he will,
Then will I feather my neast,
That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,
I will be throughly prouided for one:
But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings
How now Lodwicke, what newes?

Enters LODWICKE.

Lod. Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,
To come and speake with him.
Shor. I will Lodwicke.
But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?
Lod. I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered,
That he long lookt for.
Shor. Lodwicke, how long is it since
He began to mend?
Lod. Euen when the greatest of his torments had left him.
Shor. But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the Prince?
Lod. The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the King would wish them.
Shor. Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.
Lod. I but few thought that the agreement and his life would haue ended togither.
Shor. Why Lodwicke is he dead?
Lod. In briefe mistresse Shore, he hath changed his life.
Shor. His life, ah me vnhappie woman,
Now is misery at hand,
Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,
Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake me.
Ah Hursly, when I enterteined thee first,
I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,
When I restored thee thy lands.
Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and souereigne,
For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking glasse,
To all her enemies.
Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,
That all men are vnconstant.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one friend,
Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?
Shor. Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree decaies
Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,
Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my heart,
But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,
During the innormitie of the yoong Prince.
Lod. He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster Protector.
Shor. Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,
For he could neuer abide me to the death,
No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so well,
Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vnconstant.
Lod. But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,
And thinke well of my Lord,
Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.
Shor. Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I cannot,
For he hath alway bene my good Lord,
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.
Lod. Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should oppresse
You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the King,
Shall be at your dispose.
Shor. Thanks good Lodwicke.

Enter a CITIZEN *and* MORTON *a seruing man.*

Cit. O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,
I hope you think on me for my mony.
Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue it,
With thankes too.
Cit. Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I lookt for.
Mor. In faith sir you shall haue it,
But you must beare with me a litle,
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greedie for your mony,
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.
Cit. How so vncertaine of mine owne?
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?
Mor. Why no.
Cit. Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throate?
Mor. No.

Cit. Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire?
Mor. Why no, I tell thee.
Cit. Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine owne?
Mor. Why sir by reason the King is dead.
Cit. O sir! is the King dead?
I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.
Mor. No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall haue it
As soone as I can.
Cit. Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,
The King looseth his right they say,
But who is this?
Mor. Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,
Than the deerest friend that euer I had.
Cit. And I for my sonnes pardon.
Mor. Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?
Shor. Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known me,
For I thinke I shal be driuen to try my friends one day.
Mor. God forfend mistresse Shore,
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,
For preseruing the life of my sonne.
Shor. Gramercies good father,
But how doth thy sonne, is he well?
Cit. The better that thou liues, doth he.
Shor. Thankes father, but I am glad of it,
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go?
And you Morton, youle bear vs company.
Lod. I mistresse Shore,
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming. [*Exit omnes.*
Cit. There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maime to her credit,
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me:
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meete
With such cold customers as they I met withall euen now,
Masse if I meete with no better,
I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it. [*Exit.*

Enters RICHARD, Sir WILLIAM CASBIE, *Page of his Chamber, and his traine.*

Rich. My friends depart,
The houre commands your absence.
Leaue me and euery man look to his charge. [*Exit traine.*
Cas. Renowned and right worthie Protector,
Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then protector,
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,
That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all happinesse.
[*Exit Casbie.*
Rich. Ah yoong Prince, and why not I?
Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?
And who the King deceased, but the brother?
Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inheritance?
No, I say no: Principalitie brooks no equalitie,
Much less superioritie,
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a God,
For if he be worthie to be called valiant,
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword winnes riches,
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is neuer sold but
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,
I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it becommeth
A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,
Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers sonnes?
To be baser than a King I disdaine,
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the Crowne,
And I will wear the Crowne,
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that denies me:
Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my brother Clarēce
And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow me,
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,

Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother
As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule I will raign,
And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not abide
The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but a puffe of
Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,
Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them away,
Wherein I am resolute, and determining needs no counsell,
Ho, whose within?

Enters PAGE *and* PERCIUALL.

Per. May it please your Maiestie.
Rich. Ha villaine, Maiestie.
Per. I speake but vpon that which shal be my good Lord.
Rich. But whats he with thee?
Page. A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable
The Duke of Buckingham. [*Exit* PAGE.
Rich. Sirra giue place.
Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose,
Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke,
May it be, or is it possible,
Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse
That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?
Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,
My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete change,
Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth,
Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.
Perciuall.
Per. My Lord.
Rich. For though thy letter declares thy name,
Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant
That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,
And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,
And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne league,
To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,

I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put in practise
To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to deuise;
But whereas he hath writ that the remouing of the yoong
Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,
Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,
For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation,
At which instant, we will be both present,
And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie my part,
That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then I looke for,
No nor a haire bredth from that I am,
Aiudge thou what it is Perciuall.

Per. God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in readinesse a braue company of men.

Rich. What power hath he?

Per. A braue band of his owne.

Rich. What number?

Per. My Lord, to the number of five hundreth footmen. And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamberlaine, and my Lord Hastings

Rich. Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

Per. I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I warrant you.

Rich. Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a screene before the fire for feare of suspition: again, I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes, now must I so worke, that the water that driues the mill may drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

[*Exit* PERCIVALL.

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King, Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if

I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one daye, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes halfe an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King Richards life, it is inough. Sirrha, who is there?

Enter PAGE.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. What hearest thou about the Court?

Page. Ioy my Lord for your Protectorship for the most part. Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

Rich. A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie.
But what other newes hearest thou?

Page. This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vncles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

Rich. A parlous bone to ground vpon, and a rush stifly knit, which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.

Page. It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is vp in the Marches of Wales with a band of men, and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne.

Rich. Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seek to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slippth, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whilst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And sirrha, so follow me.

[*Exit* RICHARD.

Page. I see my Lord is fully resolued to climbe, but how hee climbes ile leaue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will be thats hard to say: But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to loue one another so well as the spider doth the flie: but this I haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how many noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Queene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumberland, are secretly fled: how this geare will cotten I know not. But what do I medling

in such matters, that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth. [*Exit* PAGE.

ACT II.

Enter the yoong PRINCE, *his brother*, DUKE OF YORKE, EARLE RIUERS, LORD GRAY, SIR HAPCE, SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

King. Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to receiue vs: and againe my vnckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood: therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one: and besides I myselfe giue consent.

Riu. Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the company because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

Vaugh. Why my Lord Riuers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Riu. I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

Gray. We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

Riu. We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

Gray. Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

Riu. Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord Riuers, I thinke it is conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at Northamton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to us with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

Riu. If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all. [*Exit.*

King. Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do liue my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes.

Gray. Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie, Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

Vaugh. A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

King. But come vnckle, let vs forward of our iourny towards London.

Riu. We will attend vpon your Maiestie. [*Exit omnes.*

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS *Page.*

Page. Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

Oste. I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogither, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

Page. Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

Oste. I, I know that too well.

Page. Then this is his graces pleasure, that this night they will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be.

Oste. Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

Page. Nay more.

Oste. Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

Page. Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guests have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste. How locke in my guests like prisoners, why doe you heare my guests? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

Page. Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

Oste. Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betrai that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page. Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie, therefore be briefe, and tell me straight.

Oste. Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse.

Page. Why then farewell mine Oste.

Oste. Farewell euen the woorst guest that ever came to my house. A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world; but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great griefe. [*Exit.*

Enters the mother QUEENE, *and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary.*

Earle *Riuers* speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I am betraid,
The sodain sight of Glosters Duke, doth make me sore afraid:
Ile speake to him, and gently him salute,
Tho in my heart I enuie much the man,
God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,

And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your company.

Here enters BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER, *and their traine.*

Rich. Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imagins nought but treacherie,
Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night
But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in this plight:
Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?
And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away?
Wilt thou be ringleader to wrõng, & must you guide the realme?
Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helm:
Ile weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,
Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe.

Riu. Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,
Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I have bene,
Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this sort,
So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report:
But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?
Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crue.

Buc. A brauely spokẽ good old Earle, who tho his lims be num,
He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong.

Rich. Speakest yu the truth, how durst yu speak, for iustice to apeale?
When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale.
A Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art.

Riu. A brayd you me as traitor to your grace:
No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face.

The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my progeny,
Wher, as in a glas yᵘ maist behold, thy ancestors & their trechery.
The wars in France, Irish conflicts, and Scotland knowes my trust,
When thou hast kept thy skin vnscard, and let thine armor rust:
How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,
Yea far from loue or kin,
Was this the oath which at our princes death,
With vs thou didst combine?
But time permits not now, to tell thee all my minde:
For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold have clind.
Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is begun,
Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will run.
My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to you: but this,
My honor, I will set to sale, let any comman man come in,
And say Earl Riuers faith vnto his Prince did quaile,
Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can doo,
Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner too:
But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no remorce,
Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your worst.
Buc. My lord, lay down a cooling card, this game is gone too far,
You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill war.
Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou hast giuen,
Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.
Rich. But as thou art I leaue thee here,
Vnto the officers custody,
First bare him to Pomphret Castle,
Charge them to keep him secretly:
And as you heare from me so deale,
Let it be done immediatly:
Take from our Garrison one whole band,
To guard him thither safely.
Riu. And send'st thou me to common Iayle?
Nay then I know thy minde:
God bless these yoong and tender babes,

That I do leaue behinde.
And God aboue protect them day and night,
Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from their right.
Farewell sweet England and my country men,
Earle Riuers leades the way:
Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,
But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly feare thē all.
And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne,
The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.
[*Exit.*

Rich. So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly, that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word come before vs, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post horse to Stony Stratford, where happily ile say grace to the Princes dinner, that I will make the deuoutest of them forget what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope.
[*Exit*

Enter the yoong PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS VAUGHON, SIR RICHARD HAPC, *and their traine.*

Hap. Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of your heauinesse.

Gray. Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we haue so great a charge of his grace: and again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue bene at some words.

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

Gray. The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

Hap. Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

Gray. Sir Richard Hape, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for loue to my prince I will bridle my affectiõ, but in good time they come.

Enters RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and their traine.*

Rich. Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

King. Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

Rich. Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King. Thankes good vnckle.

Buc. Long liue my gratious Prince.

King. Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you will beare vs company towards London?

Rich. For that cause we came.

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs.

Gray. My Lord, I scarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

Rich. Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out. No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

King. Why good vnckle let me know the cause of your suddaine quarrell?

Rich. Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh.

Buc. Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee

combate: but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid.

Rich. Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadie imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place.

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deliuery of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arest & atachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawful as your quarrell is right.

Rich. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them. A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remaines for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vncle Lord Gray if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to

promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

Rich. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such matters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frõ my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I will vse my authoritie as I see good.

King. Ay me vnhappie king.

Gray. Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonmẽt, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all. [*Exit.*

Rich. Go, you shall answere it by law.

King. But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely coranation?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

Buc. Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King.

Rich. Richard.

ACT III.

Enter the mother QUEENE, *and her yoong sonne the* DUKE OF YORKE, *and* ELIZABETH.

Yorke. May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be copartners of your sorrowes.

Queen. Ay me poore husbandles queene, and you poor fatherlesse princes.

Eliz. Good mother expect the liuing, and forget the

dead. What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

Queen. Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you .and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crownation.

Eliz. Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnkles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

Queen. I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

Yorke. May it please your grace.

Queen. A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with myself, but who is this?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Yorke. What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

Mess. A sweet Princes, doth my counteance bewray me? My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

Eliz. Then utter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

Queen. A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

Mess. Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle.

Queen. Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

Mess. He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

Queen. A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

Mess. Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes.

Enter CARDINALL.

Queen. But here my friend, griefe had almost made me forget thy reward. A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with griefe alreadie.

Car. What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace.

Queen. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

Car. The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace.

Queen. A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

Yorke. How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Car. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Car. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

Queen. Hold, and haue they persuaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

Car. Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queen. And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to persuade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus persuade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Car. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come

forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queen. Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

Car. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

Queen. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Car. A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could persuade you, twere best to let him go.

Queen. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Yorke. Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

Queen. Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord. [*Exit.*

Car. I will attend vpon your grace. Holà take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come. [*Exit* CAR.

Yorke. How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

Cat. What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter foure watchmen. Enter RICHARDS *Page.*

Page. Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head: he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe: all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt: the like was neuer seen in England. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in

prison. The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle. Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

Enter RICHARD *and* CATESBY.

Rich. Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

Cat. Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

Rich. Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Page. I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

Rich. Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat. I will my Lord. [*Exit.*

Page. Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lõg inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes: for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

Enter RICHARD, CATESBY, *and others, pulling* LORD HASTINGS.

Rich. Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife: my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst: laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast. That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If——

Rich. If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him.

[*Exit with* HASTINGS.

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

Cat. I my good Lord, and finished too.

Rich. Well then about it. But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King, which I hope will be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

Cat. I thanke your grace. [*Exit* CATESBIE.

Rich. Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

Page. Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

Rich. I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie, and reacheth the starres.

Page. The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me.

Rich. Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

Page. Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

Rich. Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man.

Page. Yet good my Lord, vtter it.

Rich. Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yoong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page. My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him.

Rich. Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

Rich. Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releeue her nor pittie her, and priuie spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releeues her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for euer.

Enter SHORES *wife.*

Shor. Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the oncly blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not content with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

Enters LODOWICKE.

Lod. A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnisht with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne.

Shor. A gods what a griefe is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

Lod. A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witnesse.

Shor. Good sir, take pittie vppon mee, and releeue mee.

Lod. Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes,
But tell me, has thou no friends?

Shor. Yes sir I had many friends, but when my chiefest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But heerst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee.

Shor. A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

Lod. Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shor. I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me.

Lod. A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt myselfe, no: for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome.

[*Exit.*

Shor. A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee: In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods haue I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to releeue them, and now none will know me nor succour me: therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of

his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter a CITIZEN *and another.*

Cit. No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the toms thwackt with ruffians? what fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise.

Shor. A good sir releeue me, and bestow something vpon me.

Cit. A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and highwayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the streets are full of them, Ifaith. But, heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shor. Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead as you are.

Cit. Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meanst thou by that?

Shor. I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

Cit. Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thoght so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat.

Shor. Nay then know, that I am shee that saued the life of thy condemned sonne.

Cit. Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse, neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would: and for my part, I would he had beene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the queen alone. [*Exeunt.*

Shor. Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the

world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter MORTON *a Seruing man.*

Mor. Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Lincolne, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

Shor. A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir releeue me, and giue me something.

Ser. Why what art thou?

Shor. In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

Ser. A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weele part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

Enters PAGE.

Shor. Good Morton releeue me.

Ser. What should I releeue my Kings enemy?

Shor. Why thou promist thou wouldst.

Ser. I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him. [*Exit.*

Page. An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife will none releeue thee?

Shor. No one will releeue her, that hath bene good to all.

Page. Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes.

Shor. If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

Page. Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shor. Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

Page. Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

Shor. Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me.

Page. And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore. [*Exit.*

Shor. And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence:

And though I haue done wickedly in this world,
Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter MAISTER TERRILL, *and* SIR ROBERT BROKENBERY.

Bro. Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

Ter. Else God forbid, say on what ere it be.

Bro. Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I was a seruant to their father King Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed.

Ter. Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what

neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

Bro. A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farwell maister Terrell. [*Exit.*

Ter. Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

For. Here sir.

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittilesse.

For. I warrant you sir, they are such pittilesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

Ter. I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

For. Ho Will and Iack.

Will. Here sir, we are at hand.

For. These be they that I told you of.

Ter. Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

Will. Zownes sir, neve talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

Ter. Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

For. Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags readie charged, and so suddeinly to shoote them through.

Ter. No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

Will. Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

Ter. Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

Dout. Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weele cut both their throates.

Ter. Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done in this order, when they be both a bed at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

For. Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done. [*Exit* TERRILL.

Enter the PRINCES.

Yorke. How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

King. A worthie brother, Richard Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe; but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

Yorke. Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure myselfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

King. No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

For. My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

King. Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

For. I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.

King. Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enioy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

For. No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

King. Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For. One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

King. Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

For. I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

King. Then come brother, we will go to bed.

For. I will attend vpon your grace.

Yorke. Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

For. Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp. [*Exit.*

Den. I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will. Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

Den. Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

Will. I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirrha Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

For. But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

Will. Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

For. I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world.

Iack. Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

For. Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done.

Will. Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

Enter TERRELL.

Ter. How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For. I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

Ter. But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For. I haue conueyed them to the staires foote among a

heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

Ter. I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they three haue done the deed. And so farewell. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *with his dagger drawne.*

Ban. Ah good my Lord, saue my life.

Buc. Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for mercie, when thou hast so vniustly betraied me?

Ban. I desire your grace but giue me leave to speake.

Buc. I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see how vniustly thou hast betraied me.

Ban. Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harboured your grace.

Buc. Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could betraie me.

Ban. Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more.

Buc. Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinkes his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyselfe readie, and here receiue thy death.

Enter a HERALD.

Her. Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arest thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc. Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood sucker, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy slie and wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides: why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped.

Enters sixe others to rescue the DUKE.

All. Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die: We will take him away by force.

Her. Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

Buc. Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arested, this is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittaine, and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongful vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reaue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogither innocent of their deaths. But thou vilain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraid thy Lorde? Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee. Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and thine. And after death thou maist more torture feele, then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele. And banne thy soule were ere thou sceme to rest. But come my friends, let me away.

Her. My Lord, we are sorie. But come laie handes on Banister. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CATESBIE, *and others.*

King. The goale is got, and golden Crowne is wonne,
And well deseruest thou to weare the same,

That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,
But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe
Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,
My fearefull shadow that still followes me,
Hath summond me before the seuere iudge,
My conscience witnesse of the blood I spilt,
Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,
The fact a damned iudgement craues,
Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.
Methinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,
Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,
Is turned now into a fatall wreathe,
Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,
And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,
In Stygian lakes, adrest to tend on me,
If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?
Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?
Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,
Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,
Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list.
My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolu'd,
To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,
Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary Richard,
That's good, Catesbie.

Cat. You cald my Lorde, I thinke?

King. It may be so. But what thinkst thou Catesbie?

Cat. Of what my Lord?

King. Why of all these troubles.

Cat. Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily ouercom'd.

King. How villain, doest thou hope to see me happily ouercom'd?

Cat. Who you my Lord?

King. Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest to see me ouercom'd.

Cat. No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King. Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou of the Duke of Buckingham?

Cat. Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at Salisbury yesterday.

King. Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall outliue me, to be my head.

Cat. Out-liue you, Lord thats straunge.
King. No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,
And since they hope he shall out liue me, to be my head,
He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow rebels.
Cat. Mary no force my Lord.
King. But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry Earle of Richmond?
Cat. Not a word my Lord.
King. No: hearest thou not he liues in Brittaine,
In fauour with the Duke.
Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against vs,
And perswades him that hee is lineally descended from Henry
The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,
Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?
Cat. My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth deserue,
A most famous gentleman.
King. Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and commend him to my face?
Cat. Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.
King. Whats that?
Cat. Why my Lord, to loose his head.
King. Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then.
But more to the strengthening of his title,
She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest daughter,
Ladie Elizabeth.
Cat. Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobilitie of Brittaine.
King. Why then there it goes,
The great diuell of hell go with all.
A marriage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood:
I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene,
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies.
And brings out perillous birds to wound
Their Countries weale,
The Earle is vp in Armes,
And with him many of the Nobilitie,
He hath ayde in France,
He is rescued in Brittaine,
And meaneth shortly to arriue in England:

But all this spites me not so much,
As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasuror,
Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
And we farther off our purpose then to fore,
But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,
As we haue sleeping curres at home here,
Readie for rescue.

Cat. But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide there,
Considering he is no friend to Brittaine.

King. Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of Brittaine,
Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
But euill fare makes open warre.
But who comes there Catsbie?
Ha one of our spurres to reuenge:
The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,
His comming is to vs Catsbie,
Wert not that his life might serue,
For apprehension against our foe,
He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,
But guiltie death without any more ado.
Now Lord Standley, what newes?
Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage into Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your letters?

Enter Lord Standley, *and his sonne* George.

Stan. Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

King. And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Stan. For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

King. Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?
And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?
And what power is with him?

Stan. And please your grace,
His power is unknowne to me,
Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

King. Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue me leaue

to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittaine out of England.

Stan. Not I my Lord.

King. Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

Stan. I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King. Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

Stan. And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into Brittaine, God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the priuy councell to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her sufficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue pardon.

King. Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your repaire to our presence?

Stan. Only this my Lord, that I may repaire from the court, to my house in the country.

King. Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe inuisible into Brittaine, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be; if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.

Stan. I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith

be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues. Well I will accept the King's proffer.
And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne to pledge.

King. Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.
Thou art set free for our defence,
Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,
Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,
But to preuent his purpose with thy power.
Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue him.
This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue:
But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch thee:
And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

Stan. And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell George.

King. How now, what do you giue him letters?

Stan. No my Lord I haue done:
The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne. [*Exit.*

King. Carry George Standley to prison.

Geo. Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison?

King. Shall you go to prison, what a questions that?
So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme.
How likest thou this Catesbie?

Cat. Oh my Lord so excellent that you haue imprisoned his sonne.

King. Nay now will we looke to the rest,
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,
But see in good time here he is.
How now Louell, what newes?
What saith the mother Queene to my sute?

Enters LOUELL.

Lou. My Lord very strange she was at the first,
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue consent:
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it.

King. God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady Elizabeth?

Lou. Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she quicklie gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to tel your grace, that

she meanes to leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

King. I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such a chance, that may inrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

Enters MESSENGER.

King. Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

Mess. No my Lord I haue none.

King. From whence comes thou?

Mess. From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scotland, & they greete your Maiestie.

Lou. Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

Cat. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page. How saies thou, is it concluded?

King. Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

King. Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess. This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and Scotland met at Nottingham togither, to confer about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Councel commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of Oxford in charge in Hames castle, now are they both fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

King. Messenger staie, hath Blunt betraied, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may passe and repasse the seas at

their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted ? O villaines, rebels, fugetives, theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the subuertion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his, nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his longest home. Come follow me.

Enter Earle Rich., Earle Oxford, P. Landoys, & Captain Blunt.

Rich. Welcome deare friends and louing countrymen,
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,
Reuenge for outrage done to their harmless liues:
Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd,
Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,
For we may know by dangers we haue past,
That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

Ox. If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,
Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,
Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,
And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,
Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,
But follow still with resolution,
Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,
Or lose thy life in following of thy right:
Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine
Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.
Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus,
Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S. George for vs.

Blunt. As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,
We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,
Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,
Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,
And that shall be honour inough for mee.

Lan. So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so
With loue vnfeined for his valure past,
That if your honour leade the way to death,
Peeter Landoys hath sworne to follow thee.
For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,
And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,
And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie
Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke,
Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,
Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.
And this is all Landoys desires to see.

Rich. Thanks Landoys, and here Earle Richmond vows,
If their kinde promises take but effect,
That as they haue promised I be made King,
I will so deale in gouerning the state,
Which now lies like a sauage shultred grouc,
Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those sprigs,
Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crost so by their contraries,
Making them subiect to these outrages,
Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
That England should in them be honoured,
As much as euer was the Romane state,
When it was gouernd by the Councels rule,
And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,
And neuer leaue to follow my resolue,
Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
That hinder those that long to do vs good.

Ox. Why we haue scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen,
Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?
Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?
No worthie friends, and louing country-men,
Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,
He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,

Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,
Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,
And this is Oxfords resolution.

Rich. But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

Blunt. My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother Queene,
And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

Rich. Admit him straight, now shall we heare some newes.

Enters MESSENGER.

Mess. Long lieu Earle Richmond.
The mother Queene doth greet your honour.

Rich. Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

Mess. In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your arriual safe.

Rich. My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer.

Mess. First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shrewesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

Rich. Are these the full number of all that come?

Mess. Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westerne gentleman, and ioynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

Rich. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

Ox. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

Rich. Well my friend, take this for thy good newes,
And commend me to our mother and the rest.
Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs:

But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell best,
And how we may be least indangered,
Because I will be foremost in this fight,
To incounter with that bloodie murtherer
My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,
My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,
Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,
A place I know which you will well deserue,
And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,
Shall by in quarters as our battels scowtes,
Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,
Must scatter here and there to gaull their horse,
As also when that our promised friends do come,
Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,
Till I by cast of a counter march,
Haue ioynd our power with those that come to vs,
Then casting close, as wings on either side,
We will giue a new prauado on the foe,
Therefore let vs towards Aderstoe amaine,
Where we this night God-willing will incampe,
From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next day,
And neerer London, bid King Richard play. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enters the PAGE.

Page. Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,
And waile the griefe of our sore troubled King?
For now he hath obtaind the Diademe,
But with such great discomfort to his minde,
That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes are gastly,
Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his heart,
There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull cries,
That being with him in his chamber oft,
He mooues me weepe and sigh for company,
For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,
And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,
Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,
But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,

The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,
Those Peeres which he vnkindly murthered,
Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,
And he in iustice sends continuall feare,
For to afright him both at bed and boord,
But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

Enters men to go to RICHMOND.

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

Men. Why to Earle Richmond's Camp to serue with him. For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

Page. Why comes there any more?

Men. A number more. [*Exit.*

Page. Why these are the villaines my Lord would haue put his life into their hands. A Richard, now do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy commons make no more account of thee then of a priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee aduertisements of their vniust proceedings. My maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is happened.

Enters RICHMOND, *and* OXFORD.

Rich. Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to myselfe.

Ox. I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised my father that none shall come but my selfe, therfore good my Lord depart.

Ox. Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight: therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

Rich. Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father.

Enters STANDLEY *and another.*

Stan. Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discrie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

Rich. How fares my gratious Lord and father?

Stan. In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

Rich. But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan. Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee.

Rich. Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

Rich. Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

Stan. O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

Rich. This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine.

Stan. Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth.

Enters MESSENGER.

Mess. Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy.

Stan. Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

Rich. Yet good father, one word more ere you depart, What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

Stan. Mary some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

Rich. And we hardly fiue thousand, being beset with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it prooues the more honourable being obteined. Then forward Richmond, God and Saint George, for me.

Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum.

Enters the KING, *and the* LORD LOVELL.

King. The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Mecthinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.
And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge,
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.
The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.
The screeking Rauen sits croking for reuenge.
Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge
And all, yea all the world I thinke,
Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.
But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.

In company I dare not trust my friend,
Being alone, I dread the secret foe:
I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.
My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be,
Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death:
How, wast death I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.
But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are
How came the foe in, preasing so neare?
Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?
Then vengeance, mischiefe, horror, with mischance,
Wilde-fire, with whirlewinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.
Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood?
Now he is come more need to beate him backe.

Lou. Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight, great is his power that threats thy ouerthrow.

King. The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to see my friends do flie in flocks from me.

Lou. May it please your grace to rest your selfe content, for you haue power inough to defend your land.

King. Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a small power of stragling fugatiues?

Lou. May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

King. The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life.

Enter CATESBIE.

Cat. My Lord.

King. Yet againe villaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?

Cat. My Lord, he answeres no.

King. Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.

Cat. My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.

King. O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.

Cat. Leaue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

King. Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

Lou. But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

King. Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Lou. Therein his father greatly iniured him.

King. Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

Lou. What tho my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign.

King. The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

Lou. In doing true iustice, else we answere no.

King. His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall wast by dint of sword, therefore sirrah go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby. A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you secke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly togither, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

Both. We will my Lord.

King. We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but

come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues.

[*Exit.*

The battell enters, RICHARD *wounded, with his* PAGE.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Page. A flie my Lord, and saue your life.

King. Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie, no first shall this dull and senceless ball of earth receiue my body cold and void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houers aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, daunted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules. [*Exit.*

Enters RICHMOND *to battell againe, and kils* RICHARD.

Enters REPORT *and the* PAGE.

Re. How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page. A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer.

Re. But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

Page. Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, &

with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

Re. But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page. Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse, and how the battell fell. Then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolue as fierce Achillis mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which cõtinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountry Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recouered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

Enter Earle Richmond, Earle Oxford, L. Standley, *and their traine, with the Crowne.*

Rich. Now noble Peeres and woorthie countrymen, since God has giuen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thankes vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice showne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull loue and perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life: and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with an anuall paie. And louing father, lastly to your selfe, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thankes for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on sodaine to declare, but for

your thanks I hope it shall suffise that I in nature loue & honor you.

L. Stan. Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolution in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them.

Ox. And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators.

Rich. How fares our louely mother Queene ?

Enters mother QUEENE *and* ELIZABETH.

Queen. In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here ? what was he murthered in this Tragedie ?

Rich. No louely Queene your sonne doth liue in France, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

Queen. Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

Rich. Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thankes to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing

ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

Stan. Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

Ox. Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God saue the King.

All. Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

Rich. Thanks louing friends and my kind countrymen, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of Nile. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to think vpon your love. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

Eliz. Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

Queen. Then here my Lord, receive thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

Rich. And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more than common loue.

Stan. And now were but my sonne George Standley here, How happie were our present meeting then,

But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete
Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the vsurper
In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

Rich. Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother George will turne in safe to us.

Stan. A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood will worke his furie on the innocent.

Enters two MESSENGERS *with* GEORGE STANDLEY.

Stan. But how now what noyse in this?

Mess. Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne, thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger we have saued from furie of a tyrants doome.

L. Stan. And liues George Standley? Then happie that I am to see him freed thus from a tyrants rage. Welcome my sonne, my sweete George welcome home.

George Stan. Thanks my good father, and George Standley ioyes to see you ioynd in this assembly. And like a lambe kept by a greedie Woolfe within the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tyare then inraged, commanded straight I should be murdered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but they that knew how innocēt I was, did post him off with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie his rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should die. But to be briefe, when both the battels ioyned, these two and others, shifted me away.

Rich. Now seeing that each thing turnes to our content.
I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of Lester,
Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,
For as of others paines he had no regard,
So let him haue a traytors due reward.
Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,
Our pleasure is they be solemnized
In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient custom due,

The two and twentith day of August next,
Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,
There to take further order for the state.
Mess. Thus Gentles may you heere behold,
The ioyning of these Houses both in one,
By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,
Who was for wit compared to Saloman,
His gouernment was vertuous euery way,
And God did wonderously increase his store,
He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord,
That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.
He died when he had raigned full three and twentie yeares
Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried
In Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.
Mess. A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,
A worthie, valiant and victorious Prince,
For on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne,
Hee entered France, and to the Frenchmens costs,
Hee wonne Turwin and Turney.
The Emperor serued this King for common pay,
And as a mersonary prince did follow him.
Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,
And still he keepe the French men at a bay.
And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered
Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,
When he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares,
Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried in
Windsore.
He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him.
Edward the sixt:
He did restore the Gospell to his light,
And finished that his father left vndone.
A wise yoong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke.
He brought the English seruice first in vse,
And died when he had raigned six yeares, fiue
Moneths, and some odde dayes,
And lieth buried in Westminster.
Eliza. Next after him a Mary did succeede,
Which married Philip King of Spaine,
She raigned fiue yeares, foure moneths and some
Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster.
When she was dead, her sister did succed.

Queene. Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age,
By whose wise life and ciuill gouernment,
Her country was defended from the crueltie
Of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers.
This is that Queene as writers truly say,
That God had marked downe to liue for aye.
Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,
For peace and plentie still attends on thee:
And all the fauourable Planets smiles
To see thee liue in such prosperitie.
She is that lampe that keepes faire Englands light,
And through her faith her country liues in peace:
And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,
And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.
Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,
And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.
The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,
And babes in Iury sound her princely name.
All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,
After her rule was rumord foorth by fame.
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,
In helping those that were opprest by warre:
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,
The good she hath done, since she came to the Crowne.
For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

Printed by Cassell & Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S career as a dramatist began when he was held to be only an actor. Revision of plays, to renew or increase their attraction, was a common practice of the theatre, and Shakespeare found his way into the full use of his art through work of this kind.

The Three Parts of *King Henry VI.* were placed by his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's Plays. The list of his plays given, in 1598, in "Palladis Tamia," does not include *Henry VI.* But it does include *Titus Andronicus*, which is also contained in the folio of 1623, and in which there is no very distinct internal evidence of Shakespeare's touch. As an original dramatist, Shakespeare appears to have begun with comedies, and to have passed first to tragedy with *Romeo and Juliet.* His earliest original pieces may have brought a reputation that gave interest to work done by him after his first comedy had been acted. As he continued for his brother-players the old business of retouching, when his name had come to be a warrant for good entertainment, it was associated

even with the slight revision of *Titus Andronicus* and with the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.*, through which Shakespeare was to pass to his own larger treatment of the Chronicle Play. Of work done by Shakespeare as a reviser before he had become known for one or two good plays of his own, and when his name would serve no better than that of any other player to win expectation of good wit, there is no record at all, unless this *First Part of King Henry VI.*, earliest of all, perhaps, by a few months, may be so considered.

There are two old plays, one of them called the First Part of *The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster;* the other —which is evidently the Second Part of *The Contention*—called *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.* These pieces remain to us as printed in 1594 and 1595. They give us the matter of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.* and *King Richard III.*, and seem to give it as it stood before it had been touched by Shakespeare.

A section of the reprint of the First Part of *The Contention* will be found at the end of the present volume, where it will be seen that the action is exactly continued from the close of Shakespeare's First Part of *King Henry VI.* The continuation is so obvious as to suggest that there may have been another old play, now wholly lost to us, which had the same relation to the First Part of *King*

Henry VI. that we find between the extant old plays and the Parts that follow.

There is record in Henslowe's Diary of a play of *Henry VI.*, acted on the 3rd of March, 1592 (New Style), and often repeated. To the great popularity of this play Thomas Nash referred in the same year (1592) in "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell." Nash there said :—"How would it haue ioyed braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that, after he had line two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times), who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." It cannot be proved, but there is no reason for doubting, that the play of which the great success is here referred to was the play now in the reader's hand, of which "braue Talbot," the hero, is the very popular type of a redoubtable Englishman, "the terror of the French," and in which there is a scene showing Talbot's death, with his dead son in his arms, that well acted would move many to tears. There would hardly be any call for alteration of a play on Henry VI. that drew ten thousand spectators; and its date of production fits into what we know of Shakespeare's life and work better than any other.

Passing by the criticism that would fix several

parts of the play on the authorship here of Marlowe alone, there of Marlowe perhaps altered by Dodge or Nash, there of Peele, and there of Shakespeare, we may quote Coleridge's comment upon the opening lines of this *First Part of King Henry VI.*, "Hung be the heavens with black," &c. :—"Read aloud," said Coleridge, "any two or three passages in blank verse, even from Shakespeare's earliest dramas, as *Love's Labour's Lost* or *Romeo and Juliet*, and then read in the same way this speech, with special attention to the metre; and if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears—for so has another animal—but an ear you cannot have, *me judice*."

The *First Part of King Henry VI.* is a play complete in itself, that might, if it stood alone, be named, after its hero, "Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury." Its interest lies in the romance-figure of a steel-clad English warrior, who strikes terror in his enemies, whose name alone puts them to flight. This made the play popular, this and the sure appeal to English domestic feeling in Talbot's death, together with a young son worthy of his blood, father and son ringed in by armed battalions, the victims of the feuds and factions in the English force that left them so to perish. But while Talbot is the hero of the play, his adventures are

interwoven with signs of the rising force of civil discord, which is at last to leave him helpless in the grasp of death. Thus the play is a right prelude to the fuller story of the miseries of civil war. Though, it says, there is no man stronger than the Englishman, discord may ruin his strength.

The period of history covered by this play reaches through twenty-three years, from the funeral of King Henry V., in September, 1422, when the young King Henry VI. was an infant, to the arrangement of the king's marriage with Margaret of Anjou in April, 1445, when he was a man of about five-and-twenty. Talbot's death, which is brought into the play and made its most essential incident, really was thirteen years later; he fell at Castillon in 1458.

The First Scene of the First Act at once connects the mourning over the body of King Henry V. with the first indication of the feuds between Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. Messenger then follows messenger with warning of perils in France; the third messenger, rising to a climax, tells of Talbot prisoner. The historical date of the first scene being September, 1422, the news brought of the crowning of the Dauphin in Rheims slips over the death of Charles VI. on the 21st of October, 1422, to the crowning of Charles VII. on the 27th of July, 1429; while the battle of Patay, of which

the third messenger brings news, was fought on the 18th of June, 1428. This was a poet's use of history, whereby Shakespeare very boldly, in plays wholly his own, drew afterwards the soul out of the accidents of life. Of the action of the Second Scene, the raising of the siege of Orleans, the historical date is May 8, 1429. Faction at home is set in the Fourth Scene—based on an incident of October, 1426—between the Third and Fifth, which show the revival of French power by Joan of Arc.

In the Second Act the establishment of the factions of the Red and White Roses of Lancaster and York is set, in a scene wholly imagined by the poet, between the prowess of Talbot and a scene of the death of old Mortimer, which shows us how the feud began. The Mortimer of history did not die in confinement, and he was not an old man when he died.

King Henry VI. does not appear upon the stage till the Third Act, when he is in the Parliament at Leicester, which took place, historically, in the third year of his reign. He was at that time a child not fully five years old. In the play, of course, he is advanced to a stage of boyhood more capable of thought, but still a child, who asks, "What, shall a child instruct you what to do?" Discords at home are shown before we turn again to the adventures of Talbot and the growing

dangers of the situation in France. The danger last in evidence is the defection of Burgundy, of which the historical date was 1435. Then King Henry, in France, meets Talbot, and creates him Earl of Shrewsbury. But the Third Act closes immediately afterwards with words of feud between two Englishmen.

The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris opens the Fourth Act. Its historical date is the 17th of December, 1430, when the king's age was about ten. Talbot's plucking of the Garter from the knee of Sir John Fastolfe brings courage and cowardice into dramatic contrast. When Shakespeare took the name of Falstaff to replace that of Sir John Oldcastle in his *King Henry IV.* he had probably this piece of early work in mind. Sir John Fastolfe really was accused of cowardice shown at the battle of Patay, and really was deprived of his Garter. But it was restored to him after fair hearing of his case. The factious strife between the English is then still further emphasised by claims of right of combat between servants of the rival lords, and the scene ends with the comment of Exeter :

> "No simple man that sees
> This jarring discord of nobility,
> This shouldering of each other in the court,
> This factious bandying of their favourites,
> But that it doth presage some ill event.

> 'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
> But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
> There comes the ruin, there begins confusion."

The rest of the Fourth Act shows how the rivalries of those who should have sent troops to Talbot stay their hands. Armies encompass the brave Englishman, and we are shown his end. It may have been Shakespeare who rhymed, as into a distinct idyll, the scene of the last hour between father and son.

The Fifth Act closes the play with terms of peace, with the condemnation of Joan of Arc, promise of homage to England by the King of France, and Suffolk's capture of Margaret of Anjou—in 1444, when her age was sixteen—yielding himself to her charms while resolving that she shall be Henry the Sixth's queen.

Thus there is unity of plan in the construction of the play, and in its close we may find evidence of a design to carry on the tale of ills that follow upon civil feud.

H. M.

First Part of King Henry VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloster, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*
Henry Beaufort, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*
Richard Plantagenet, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
John Talbot, *his son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March.*
Sir John Fastolfe.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*

Basset, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*
Reignier, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE—Partly in England and partly in France.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry V., *attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of France; the Duke of* Gloster, *Protector; the Duke of* Exeter, *the Earl of* Warwick, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *Heralds, etc.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command;
His brandished sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech;
He ne'er lift up his hand but conqueréd.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive;
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king blessed of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen prayed,
His thread of life had not so soon decayed;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe.
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace!
Let 's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry 's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate!
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,

Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, that without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropped are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeléd coat. I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crownéd king in Rheims:
The Bastard of Orleans with him is joined;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crownéd king! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I mustered in my thoughts
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompasséd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes plucked out of hedges
They pitchéd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuéd;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew

The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not played the coward.
He, being in the vaward placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;
Enclosèd were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.

Mess. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughtered or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember 't; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
[*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordained his special governor,
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *marching with drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves;
Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drownéd mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall ;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum ! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French !
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum ; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.*

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I !
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards ! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons and Goliases

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brained slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmers or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD *of Orleans.*

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appalled.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismayed, for succour is at hand;
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordainéd is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in.—[*Exit* BASTARD.] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD *of Orleans, with* JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deignéd to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Willed me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promised and assured success;
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I blessed with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated;
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonished me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared. Here is my keen-edged sword,
Decked with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in St. Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come on, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and* JOAN LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above.
When I have chasèd all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know;

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assigned am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise;

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have enteréd into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends ;
Dispersèd are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspiréd with a dove ?
Thou with an eagle art inspiréd then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours ;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalised.

Char. Presently we 'll try.—Come, let 's away about it ;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloster, *with his Serving men, in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day ;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ; it is Gloster that calls.

1 *Ward.* [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him;

We do no otherwise than we are willed.

Glo. Who willéd you? or whose will stands but mine?

There 's none Protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[GLOSTER'S *men rush at the Tower Gates, and* WOODVILE, *the Lieutenant, speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here 's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke, I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandément

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king.
Open the gates or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates unto the lord Protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the PROTECTOR *at the Tower Gates* WINCHESTER *and his men, in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Peeled priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murther our dead lord,
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou curséd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back ;
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st ; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What ! am I dared and bearded to my face ?—
Draw, men, for all this privilegéd place ;
Blue coats to tawny coats !—Priest, beware your beard ;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ,
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope ! a rope !—
Now beat them hence ; why do you let them stay ?—
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !

Here GLOSTER'S *men beat out the* CARDINAL'S *men ; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* LONDON *and his Officers.*

May. Fie, lords ! that you being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king
Hath here distrained the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, here's a foe to citizens
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself King and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation.—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we will meet, to thy cost, be sure ;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell ; thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally,* GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER *with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast cleared, and then we will depart.—
Good God, that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, a Master-Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I missed my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informéd me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrenched,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed ;
And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spyest any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned !
How wert thou handled being prisoner ?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released ?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner

Calléd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransoméd.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have bartered me;
Which I disdaining scorned, and cravéd death
Rather than I would be so vile esteemed.
In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produced they me
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digged stones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deemed me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walked about me every minute while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured.
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans;
Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famished,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebléd.

[*Here they shoot.* SALISBURY *and* GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crossed us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accurséd tower! accurséd fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.—
[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head;
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[*Here* SALISBURY *lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.—
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you;
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
Then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Same.

Here an alarum again; and Talbot *pursueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes.—I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee.
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee. [*Here they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[*They fight again.*

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come.

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starvéd men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirléd like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists;
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They called us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.—

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdúed slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be. Retire into your trenches;
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* TALBOT. *Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recovered is the town of Orleans;
More blesséd hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?—
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy
When they shall hear how we have played the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was;
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant;
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall.—[*Exit Sergeant.*]
Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, *and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun!
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That, if it chance the one of us do fail
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I 'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sent. Arm ! arm ! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry :* '*St. George*,' '*A Talbot.*'

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ! what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready ! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employed in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels;
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case

How or which way; 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed.
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this curséd town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of arméd men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves

That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it e'en so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encountered with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

Cap. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. The Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears.
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false;
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspéct,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? — Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself;
You are deceived, my substance is not here,

For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[Winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. Enter soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismayed, fair lady, nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this healthful hand, whose banished sense
Thou hast repealed, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparelled,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole !
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset ;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days ?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attachéd, not attainted,
Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor ;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,

I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension ;
Look to it well, and say you are well warned.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still ;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognisance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition !
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloster ;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and Gaolers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haléd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like agéd in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-wingéd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was returned that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured:
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Gaol.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despiséd Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine agéd back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me
And hath detained me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curséd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent,
During whose reign the Percys of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavoured my advancement to the throne.
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derivéd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas that he

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They labouréd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have installed me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have.
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;

Strong-fixéd is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts when they are cloyed
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpassed thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of* MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restoréd to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament House.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, *and* Suffolk; *the* Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, *and others.* Gloster *offers to put up a bill;* Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provoked?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth,
But he shall know I am as good—

Glo. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touched so near.

War. State holy or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his grace Protector to the king?

Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny coats!'*

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'*

Enter MAYOR.

Mayor. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contráry parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knocked out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compelled to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but his majesty ;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common weal,
To be disgracéd by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say !
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul !—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent ?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

War. Yield, my lord Protector ;—yield, Winchester ;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murther too
Hath been enacted through your enmity ;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banished moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothéd brows it doth appear;
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, Uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I 'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, etc.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force;
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restoréd to his blood,

War. Let Richard be restoréd to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone

But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crowned in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.

Exeter. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feignéd ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As festered members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all;
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that helpless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] *Qui est là?*

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD *of Orleans*, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and forces.*

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen!

Bast. Here entered Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

Enter La Pucelle *on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot *in an excursion.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damnéd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD *brought in sick in a chair. Enter* TALBOT *and* BURGUNDY *without; within* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompassed with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[*The English whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Pricked on by public wrongs sustained in France,
Either to get the town again or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayéd town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buriéd,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me;
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquishéd his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so.—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but* BEDFORD *and Attendants.*

An alarum : excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat ; excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, *and* CHARLES *fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[BEDFORD *dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the rest.*

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry and his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfilled in Rouen.
A braver soldier never couchéd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, *the* Bastard *of Orleans*, Alençon, La Pucelle, *and forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recoveréd;
Care is no cure, but rather córrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mixed with sugared words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpéd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wishéd end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edgéd sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainéd spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashioned thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord.
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I'm vanquishéd; these haughty words of hers
Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace;
My forces and my power of men are yours.—
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Paris. The Palace.

Enter the King, Gloster, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon, Basset, *and others. To them with his Soldiers,* Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign ;
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walléd towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace.

[*Kneels.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glos. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord !

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolvéd of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdoned with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury ;

And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but* VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye, not so; in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you,
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Paris. A Hall of State.

Enter the King, Gloster, *Bishop of* Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state;
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was delivered to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installéd in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnished in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.

And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads*] '*I have, upon especial cause*
Moved with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And joined with Charles, the rightful King of Frañce.'—

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begged I might have been employed.

King. Then gather strength and march unto him straight;
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince.

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him,
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forgéd quaint conceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness.—Good my lords, be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France,
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York;
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crowned.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France;—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot:
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* York, Warwick,
Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,—but let it rest ;
Other affairs must now be managéd.

[*Exeunt all but* EXETER.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice ;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen deciphered there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division ;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *with trump and drum.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight.

If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee;
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitched,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquered spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well colouréd,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, etc.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O negligent and heedless discipline!

How are we parked and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. *Enter* YORK *with trumpet and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
That dogged the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are returned, my lord, and give it out
That he is marched to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,
By your espials were discoverèd
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,

Which joined with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promiséd supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renownéd Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am louted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France!

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemmed about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distressed lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his soldiers.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Other Plains in Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his army; a Captain of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatched forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot,
Who, ringed about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;
And whiles the honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renownéd noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled.
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight; come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,

Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly;
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renownéd name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum; excursions, wherein Talbot's *son is hemmed about, and* Talbot *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encounteréd;

And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'T is but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus! Thy life to me is sweet;
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum; excursions. Enter old Talbot *led by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandished over me

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience :
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French ;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne !

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT.

Tal. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots wingéd through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath !
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.—
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid;'
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearséd in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; Herald of the French preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou! hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seekest.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turned,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be reared
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.—
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. The Palace.

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord, and their intent is this:

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle? alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter WINCHESTER *in Cardinal's habit, a Legate, and two Ambassadors.*

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester installed,
And called unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been considered and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have informed his highness so at large
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord Protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover, where inshipped
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but* WINCHESTER *and Legate.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promiséd
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee.
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and forces.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I prithee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
But we will presently provide for them,

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there ;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate ! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.—

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.—
[*They depart.*
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-pluméd crest
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle *fighting hand to hand with* York: La Pucelle *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, *with* MARGARET *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass!

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.—
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She 's beautiful and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marred; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my king; tush, that 's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace establishéd between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much;
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthralled? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but quid for quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.—

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him. —

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord;
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have wooed and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.—
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnised.—
So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord; good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam; but hark you, Margaret,
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself; I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay!
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemned to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborned this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now curséd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, curséd drab?—
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivéd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortenéd.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity
That warranteth by law thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live,
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevailed.

War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.

York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode,
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accurséd minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, attended.*

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquerèd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informèd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prisoned voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown;
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known already that I am possessed
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king;
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquished,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be called but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [*Aside to* CHARLES] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to* CHARLES] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES *and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. The Palace.

Enter SUFFOLK *in conference with the* KING, GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.
Her virtues gracéd with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,

Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command,—
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.—
Therefore, my lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vowed
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forcéd but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas that the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joinéd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be linked in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crowned
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexéd with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glos. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
Exit.

THE FIRST PART

OF THE

CONTENTION OF THE TWO FAMOVS HOUSES OF YORKE AND LANCASTER,

With the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

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Enter at one doore, King HENRY *the sixt, and* HUMPHREY *Duke of* GLOSTER, *the Duke of* SOMMERSET, *the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinall* BEWFORD, *and others.*

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, *and the Marquesse of* SUFFOLKE, *and Queene* MARGARET, *and the Earle of* SALISBURY *and* WARWICK.

Suf. As by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittaine, and Alonson.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,
I did performe my task and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gratious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

King. Suffolke arise.
Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,

The greatest show of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnesse,
For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene. Th' excessiue loue I bear vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

Kin. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side :
And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

All. Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.

Queene. We thank you all. [*Sound trumpets.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,
Between our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

Hum. Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the 30 of the next month.

Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutches of Anioy and of Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

[*Duke* HUMPHREY *lets it fall.*

Kin. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

Hum. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.
Vncle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.

Car. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

King. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe,
We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be full expirde. Thankes vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salsbury and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde.

[*Exet King, Queene, and* SUFFOLKE, *and Duke* HUMPHREY *staies all the rest.*

Hum. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquere France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time
To keep in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vncle Bewford here,
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,

Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.
Car. Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
The big swoln venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.
[*Exet Duke* HUMPHREY.
Car. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate. [*Exet Cardinall.*
Buc. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Som. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.
Buc. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.
[*Exet* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Sweare, and forsweare himself, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and Neuels name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
But wherefore weeps Warwicke my noble sonne.

War. For griefe that all is lost that Warwick won.
Sonnes. Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once. Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which we wonne with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

Yorke. As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King Henry giues away his owne.

Sal. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

War. Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,
Which Warwicke by main force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

[*Exeat* SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE.

Yorke. Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,

And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey:
And when I spie aduantage, claim the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne:
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue, .
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To graffle with the House of Lancaster:
And force perforce, Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

[*Exet* YORKE.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY, *and Dame* ELLANOR, COBHAM *his wife.*

Eln. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,
What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.

Hum. My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to-night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Eln. What drempt my Lord. Good Humphrey tell it me,
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampt that
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were placed,
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.

Eln. Tush, my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

Hum. Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife beloued of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Eln. How now my Lord. What angry with your Nell,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to think on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your grace, the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart, I will attend his grace:
Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

[*Exet* HUMPHREY.

Eln. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter Sir IOHN HUM.

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

Sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

Eln. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Eln. What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine, the cunning Witch of Ely, with Roger Bulingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

Eln. Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two days hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,
And so resolue vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

[*Exet* ELNOR.

Sir Iohn. Now sir Iohn Hum, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,

And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,
For feare you lose your head before you goe. [*Exet.*

Enter two Petitioners, and PETER *the Armourers man.*

1 *Pet.* Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.

2 *Pet.* I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE *with the Queene, and they take him for Duke* HUMPHREY, *and giues him their writings.*

1 *Pet.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2 *Pet.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suf. A complaint against the Cardinals man.
What hath he done?

2 *Pet.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th' are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them.

Suf. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the King was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou woulds say.

Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our garret.

Suf. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the king.

[*Exet with the Armourers man.*

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,
Whats here?
A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.

1 *Pet.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

[*He teares the papers.*

Suf. So now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare the peasants write against me thus. [*Exet Petitioners.*

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King Henry:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarse will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,

As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies heart in France,
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.
Suf. Madame content your selfe a little while,
As I was the cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King HENRY, *and the Duke of* YORKE, *and the Duke of* SOMERSET *on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke* HUMPHREY, *Dame* ELNOR, *the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *the Earle of* SALSBURY, *the Earle of* WARWICKE, *and the Cardinall of* WINCHESTER.

Kin. My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me.
Yorke. My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let Somerset enjoy his place and go to France.
Som. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made Regent ouer the French.
War. Whom soeuer you account worthie,
Yorke is the worthiest.
Car. Pease Warwicke. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.
War. The Cardinals not my better in the field.
Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.
War. And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all,

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent ouer France.

Hum. Madame our King is old inough himselfe,
To giue his answere without your consent.

Queene. If he be old inough, what needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.

Hum. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suf. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast king,
As who is King but thee. The common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treasure hath been spent.
And as for the Regentship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthie than Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthie deeds that Yorke hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

Suf. Peace headstrong Warwicke.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do clear himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these. That the Duke of Yorke was lawful heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

Yorke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.

Kin. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Arm. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here.

Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke. I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

Arm. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

Kin. Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Hum. The law my lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With Eben staues, and Standbags combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

[*Exet* HUMPHREY.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

Suf. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to prison. [*Exet with them.*

[*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of* GLOSTER *a box on the eare.*

Queene. Giue me my gloue. My Minion can you not see?

[*She strikes her.*

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Eln. Did you not proud French-woman.
Could I come neare your daintie vissage with my nayles,
Ide set my ten commandments in your face.

Kin. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It was against her will.

Eln. Against her will. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde. [*Exet* ELNOR.

Kin. Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.
Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

Hum. My gratious Lord, then this is my resolue,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trialls made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

Kin. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

Sum. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.
[*Exet* SOMERSET.

Kin. Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will flie to day. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter ELNOR, *with sir* IOHN HUM, KOGER BULLENBROKE *a Coniurer and* MARGERY IOURDAINE *a Witch.*

Eln. Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,

And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[*She goes up to the Tower.*

Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

[*She lies downe vpon her face.*

[BULLENBROOKE *makes a Cirkle.*

Bul. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night.
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth up.*

Spirit. Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me do?

Bul. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

Bul. What fate awayt the Duke of Suffolke?

Spir. By water shall he die and take his ende.

Bul. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

[*He sinkes downe againe.*

Bul. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,

There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.
Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of YORKE *and the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

[*Exet* ELNOR *aboue*

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison. [*Exet with them.*

Buc. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King.
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about straight.

Buc. Farewell my Lord. [*Exet* BUCKINGHAM.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke to sup with me to night. [*Exet* YORKE.

One. I will my Lord. [*Exet.*

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke HUMPHREY *and* SUFFOLKE, *and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.*

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

Kin. How wonderful the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,

Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suf. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well.
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

Car. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Car. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

Suf. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you my Lord. And it like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.

Kin. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

Car. Euen when thou darest.

Hum. Dare. I tell thee Priests, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.

Car. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

Hum. In Bastardie.

Car. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Car. Heres my hand, I will.

Kin. Why how now my Lords?

Car. Faith, Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord and buckler.

Hum. Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.

Car. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King. Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.

King. Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

Hum. Where wast thou borne?

Poore man. At Barwicke sir, in the North.

Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

Hum. What are thou lame too?

Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.

Hum. How cam'st thou lame?

Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.

Hum. Wart thou blind & wold clime plum-trees?

Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.

Hum. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

Poore man. I truly sir.

Woman. I indeed sir, he was born blinde.

Hum. What art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife sir.

Hum. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.
Why let me see, I thinke thou cant not see yet.

Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

Hum. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.

Hum. And his cloake?

Poor man. Why thats greene.

Hum. And what colours his hose?

Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

Hum. And what colours my gowne?

Poore man. Black sir, as black as Ieat.

King. Then belike he knows what colour Ieat is on.

Suf. And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.

Hum. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.
But tell me sirrha, whats my name?

Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.

Hum. What his name?

Poore man. I know not.

Hum. Nor his?

Poore man. No truly sir.

Hum. Nor his name?

Poore man. No indeed maister.

Hum. Whats thine owne name?

Poore man. Sander, and it please you maister.

Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene borne blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and

would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.

Hum. My Maisters of saint Albones
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whippes?

Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

[*Exet one.*

Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by,
Now sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Hum. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that sam stoole.

Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.

Poore man. Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle had hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt at euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

Mayor. It shall be done my Lord. [*Exet Mayor.*

Suf. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day.
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

Hum. I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day.
Witnesse France.

King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

King. First of the King, what shall become of him?
(*Reads.*) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water shall he die and take his end.

Suf. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.

Car. Heres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector.
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.

Hum. Forbear ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,

Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.
King. Come my Lords this night weele lodge in S. Albones,
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vncle Gloster along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter the Duke of YORKE, *and the Earles of* SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE.

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by lineall desent.
War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second was Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.
Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.
Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.
Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice,

Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now, sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth soone to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

Sal. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

War. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue fails, his should not raigne. It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

War. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milk-white Rose,
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,

Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my minde presageth I shall liue.
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter King HENRY, *and the Queene, Duke* HUMPHREY, *the Duke of* SUFFOLKE, *and the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *the Cardinall, and Dame* ELNOR COBHAM, *led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of* YORKE, *and the Earles of* SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE.

Kin. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst us, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Eln. Euen to my death, for I have lived too long.

[*Exet some with* ELNOR.

Kin. Greeue not noble vncle, but be thou glad,
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Hum. O gratious Henry, giue me leaue awhile,
To leave your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,

And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.
Kin. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.
Hum. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all.
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
As erst thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.
Kin. Vncle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land. [*Exet* GLOSTER.
Queene. Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?
Yorke. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth please.
Kin. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge and Prentises drinking to him.

1. *Neigh.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of Sacke.

And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke

And be merry, and feare not your man.

Arm. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all.
And a figge for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2 *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret-wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

Peter. I thank you all, but ile drink no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deal with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

Sal. Come leave your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, whats thy name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Sal. Peter, what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Sal. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

Arm. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.

[*Alarmes, and* PETER *hits him on the head and fels him.*

Arm. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. [*He dies.*

Peter. O God I giue thee praise. [*He kneeles downe.*

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

Kin. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [*Exeunt omnis.*

Enter Duke HUMPHREY *and his men in mourning cloakes.*

Hum. Sirrha, whats a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.

Hum. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poor Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame ELNOR COBHAM *bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir* JOHN STANDLY, *and Officers with billes and holbards.*

Seruing. My gratious Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

Hum. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Eln. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.

Eln. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,

Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints doth cut my tender feete,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
Was led with shame, and was made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Hum. My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I shoulde incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Eln. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As shortly it will be. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,
And flie thee how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Mer. I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

Hum. A Parlament and our consent neuer craude
Therein before. This is sodeine.
Well, we will be there. [*Exet Herald.*
Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.

Sher. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to Sir Iohn Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.
Hum. Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?
Stan. I my gratious Lord, for so it is decreede,
And I am so commanded by the King.
Hum. I pray you Sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,
In that I intreat you vse her well.
The world may smile againe and I may liue,
To do you fauour if you do it her,
And so sir Iohn farewell.
Eln. What gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Hum. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake. [*Exet* HUMPHREY *and his men.*
Eln. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.
Stan. Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.
Eln. Ah good sir Iohn my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

[*Exet omnes.*

Enter to the Parlament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLKE, *and then the Duke of* YORK, *and the Cardinall of* WINCHESTER, *and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of* SALISBURY, *and the Earle of* WARWICKE.

Kin. I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.
Queene. Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloster is no litle man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Disproue my Alligations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can disproue me,
I will subscribe and say, I wronged the Duke.

Suf. Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Vnsounded yet and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

Kin. Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

Som. Cold newes, my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within those Territores
Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

Kin. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,
But Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue staied so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

Hum. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change mine countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

Yorke. Tis thought my Lord, your grace tooke bribes from France.
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.

Hum. Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England still,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.
I neuer robd the souldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

Car. In your Protectorship you did deuise
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

Suf. Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,

Vntil such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.
Kin. Good vncle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.
Hum. Ah gratious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords firie eyes showes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud looks bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyned to betraie me thus:
And you my gratious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causeless haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses inough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suf. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignomious wrong.
Had sobornde or hired some to swear against his life.
Queene. I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.
Hum. Far truer spoke than ment, I loose indeed,
Beshrow the winners hearts they plaie me false.
Buc. Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.
Car. Who 's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house.
Hum. O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch.
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,

Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

[*Exet* HUMPHREY, *with the Cardinals men.*

Kin. My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem best,
Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What will your highness leaue the Parlament?

Kin. I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who 's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

[*Exet King*, SALSBURY, *and* WARWICKE.

Queene. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.
Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

Suf. And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King;
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should liue.
No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in armes for him.

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suf. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queene. How now, sirrha, what news?

Mess. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,

The wilde Oncle my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.
Queene. What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.
Som. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fecht Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue lost his liue before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Som. I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worst then I.
York. What worse then nought, then a shame take all.
Som. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.
Queene. Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.
Queene. Yorke, thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffise him in these needfull warres.
Buc. Madame I will, and leauie such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?
Yorke. At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.
Buc. Then hither shall they come, and so farewell.
[*Exeт* BUCKINGHAM.
Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.

And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey
Twere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

[*Exit omnis, Manit* YORKE.

York. Now Yorke bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
Under the title of Iohn Mortemer,
To raise commotion and by that meanes
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemd,
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprise.
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

[*Exet* YORKE.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke HUMPHREY *is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of* SUFFOLKE, *to them.*

Suf. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Suf. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is hansome now my Lord.

Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

[*Exet murtherers.*

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *and the Duke of* SOMERSET, *and the Cardinall.*

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

Suf. I will my Lord. [*Exet* SUFFOLKE.

King. And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle Gloster,
Then by iust proofe you can affirme,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter SUFFOLKE.

How now Suffolke, where's our unkle?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

[*The King falles in a sound.*

Queen. Ay—me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

Suf. Comfort my Lord, gratious Henry comfort.

King. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske
And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.
King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.
Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,
And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds,
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of WARWICKE *and* SALISBURY.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.
King. That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.
War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.
Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.
Salb. I will sonne. [*Exet* SALBURY.
[WARWICKE *drawes the curtaines and showes Duke* HUMPHREY *in his bed.*
King. Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.
War. Now by his soule that took our shape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.
Suf. A dreadfull oth sworn with a solemne toong,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Car. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

Suf. I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

[*Exet Cardinall.*

War. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?

Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.

War. Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,

That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.

Suf. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraigns presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meants,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearfull homage done,
Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

[WARWICKE *puts him out.*

[*Exet* WARWICKE *and* SUFFOLKE, *and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe, the Duke of* SUFFOLKE *and* WARWICKE, *with their weapons drawne.*

Kin. Why how now Lords?

Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i

[*The commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of* SALBURY.

Sal. My Lord, the Commons made you word by me,

The vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme,
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

[*The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of Salsbury.*

Kin. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

[*Exet* SALISBURY.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

Kin. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest.
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exet King and* WARWICKE, *Manet Queene and* SUFFOLKE.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suf. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
And boding scrike-oules make the comsort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Queene. Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene. No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist think on me.
Away, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

Enter VAWSE.

Queene. How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

Vawse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinal Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King.
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloude for him.

Queene. Go then good Vawse and certifie the King.

[*Exet* VAWSE

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,
And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?
Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Suf. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What were it else but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breathe my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dugge between his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, were torment more then death,
O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

Queene. Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy life,

Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.
Suf. I goe.
Queene. And take my heart with thee. [*She kisseth him.*
Suf. A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.
This way fall I to deathe. [*Exet* SUFFOLKE.
Queene. This way for me. [*Exet Queene.*

Enter King and SALSBURY, *and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.*

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.
Kin. O see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.
Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
Kin. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.
[*The Cardinall dies.*
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgiue his soule.

Sal. So bad an ende did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
Kin. Forbear to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
[*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of SUFFOLKE *disguised, and others with him, and* WATER WHICKMORE.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorned to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.
Suf. Water! [*He starteth.*
Water. How now, what doest feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.
Water. Gualter or Water, als one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.
Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shal be paid.
Water. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I merchantlike sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
2. *Pris.* But what shal our ransomes be?

Mai. A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that or die.

2. *Pris.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

Water. Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome I will haue.

Suf. Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?

Cap. I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes Poull.

Suf. Poull.

Cap. I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suf. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

Suf. Has not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?

And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

Cap. Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his hed.

1. *Pris.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

Suf. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade
To such a Iadie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake,
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

Suf. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,
Murthered sweete Tully.
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

[*Exet* SUFFOLK, *and* WATER.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it saue delivered vnto her.
Come lets goe. [*Exet omnes.*

Printed by Cassell & Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

INTRODUCTION.

THE *Second Part of King Henry VI.* carries on the course of history from the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret of Anjou, in the year 1445, to the victory of the Duke of York at the first battle of St. Albans, on the 23rd of May, 1455. It covers, therefore, a period of ten years, and its purpose is to tell a tale of the development of civil war to the first shock of arms, the beginning of bloodshed. In the long war that followed the first battle of St. Albans, at which this play ends, there were twelve pitched battles, with a slaughter of the greater part of the nobility of England, including eighty princes of the blood.

The Second Part of King Henry VI., ascribed to Shakespeare, is simply a poet's transcript of the play published in 1594 as "*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne.* London: Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornhill." Of this edition of 1594 there was a reprint in 1600, with some corrections and some errors of carelessness, including the omission of about two dozen words. Of each of these editions

there is a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. There is also in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, an incomplete copy of another edition of 1600, printed, like the two already named, for Thomas Millington, with a few trifling variations.

There is reason to think that Robert Greene had a hand in the writing of these Civil War plays in their earliest form. Marlowe and others may have worked with him upon them. Anything said upon that head must include reference to the next following play; the convenient place, therefore, for a note upon this subject will be in the Introduction to the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* Whether the play known as the *First Part of the Contention* appears in its earliest form in the earliest edition known to us, that of 1594, admits also of question. It may be argued that it is a result of Shakespeare's first handling of an original now lost; and that he went over it a second time for fuller development into the play now known to us as the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* Argument to this effect has most weight when applied to passages in the next following play. The consideration of it is for that reason deferred.

Allowance is to be made for the fact that the text of the old play in the quarto of 1594 may be corrupted in other ways than by occasional misprints of a word which we find rightly given in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* We may have in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.* restorations also in some cases of a text which is not given in the quarto as it was first written, but is there mutilated by abridgment.

Fair allowance may be made for all such side considerations, including the possibility—I do not say the

probability—that there may be something of Shakespeare in the old play of the *First Part of the Contention*. But to any one who closely compares that old play with the version of it ascribed to Shakespeare as his *Second Part of King Henry VI.*, one fact, I think, must become apparent. With the old play before him Shakespeare copied it, revising as he went. He varied words, restored lost music to many lines, transposed passages, in every case with a distinct gain of dramatic power, and added lines of his own, sometimes long passages, where there are situations worth fuller poetical treatment than they had received. Some shorter additions are no doubt mere restorations of the old text when there are errors of omission in the quarto of 1594; but the new elaborations speak for and explain themselves.

It is difficult to feel the current of poetical invention while we are turning critically from one play to another for comparison of texts. I have given, therefore, in this edition, the old play of the *First Part of the Contention* as it has come down to us, that it may be read as an independent work. In the printing of the *Second Part of Henry VI.* I have then underlined the passages which are not to be found in the old play after giving for a few pages such note of the variations of word and order as may be sufficient to point out their character. What further note the reader may desire to take he can at leisure make for himself, since the two plays are before him for comparison. But although a mass of minute verbal annotation would interfere with the right reading of the play as a dramatic poem, the underlining of the added passages may be found to give fresh interest to the reading

of the play by silent indication of the touch of Shakespeare's hand. The process of revision will be shown in the same way by giving the full text of the old *True Tragedy of Richard III.*, which is the *Second Part of the Contention*, and underlining Shakespeare's additions to it in the *Third Part of Henry VI.*

Shakespeare was not the only dramatist in Elizabeth's reign who could write vigorous lines of dramatic poetry. It does not at all follow that in an old play to which Shakespeare may have contributed, all the best lines were of his writing. It was not by the mere writing of good verses that Shakespeare grew to be the master-poet of the world; and when he revised these plays on the most desolating of our English civil wars, he had not reached the fulness of his power. He was simply helping to lay stress upon the miseries of civil war, at a time when many Englishmen began to dread that there might be civil war again, arising out of rival claims to the throne after the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It was in 1595 that Samuel Daniel published "The First Fowre Books of the Civille Warres betweene the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke;" it was in 1596 that Drayton began to describe in heroic verse "The Lamentable Civell Warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons." Thomas Lodge made also in those days a play upon the Civil Wars of Marius and Sylla; and Shakespeare afterwards maintained an undernote that expressed miseries of civil war throughout his plays of *Richard II.* and *King Henry IV.*

The *Second Part of King Henry VI.* begins with the king aged twenty-three; Suffolk, who has made truce with France, raised to a Dukedom; and Margaret

of Anjou received as Queen in England—a marriage declared fatal to England by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, the king's uncle and Lord Protector. The Duke of York and his friends, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, join in strong condemnation of the marriage. The scene then goes on to show the bitter feuds among the English nobles. Cardinal Beaufort hates Humphrey Duke of Gloster. The Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset will join with Beaufort and with Suffolk against Gloster, but each is then shown to be moved by selfish ambition. The scene ends with the ambition of the Duke of York, who—when Henry is in the arms of his "dear-bought queen," and "Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars"—will "raise aloft the milk-white rose,"

> "And in my standard bear the arms of York,
> To grapple with the House of Lancaster;
> And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown
> Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down."

Here is a clear and firm opening of the subject, and in the original construction of the play its aim, as warning of the ills of Civil War, was never, in any scene, lost sight of.

The second scene shows the loyalty and kindliness of the Duke of Gloster, and the weak ambition of his wife, for whose attainture Suffolk is practising in hope that "her attainture will be Humphrey's fall." The third scene shows the Duke of Gloster's popularity; the relations between Suffolk and Queen Margaret; their league against the Protector; the pious weakness of the king; Court feuds and factions which attack both the Duke of Gloster and the Duke of York. In

the fourth scene, the Act closes with the arrest of the Duchess of Gloster for the use of witchcraft, as a thrust at the Protector by the Duke of York.

The Second Act continues the conspiring for the overthrow of Gloster's influence. The Duke of York to his friends Salisbury and Warwick details his claim to the crown, but counsels secrecy—

> "Do you as I do, in these dangerous days,
> Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
> At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
> At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
> Till they have snared the Shepherd of the Flock,
> That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
> 'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
> Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy."

The rest of the Act sets forth—with the duel between Horner and Peter upon question of the Duke of York's loyalty to the Crown—the condemnation and penance of Gloster's wife, Eleanor Cobham, and the summons of the Lord Protector to a parliament called without his consent or knowledge.

The Third Act shows Humphrey of Gloster attacked in the Parliament by the false accusation of his enemies; the weak king yielding to his arrest, and his being given into the custody of Cardinal Beaufort; and his enemies, the Cardinal, Suffolk, and Queen Margaret—the Duke of York abetting—then devise his murder. At the same time the troubles in Ireland cause York to be sent thither as Regent with command of troops. The Protector murdered; sedition stirred up in England by the Duke of York, through the headstrong Kentish man, Jack Cade, whom he has seduced to his purpose, and taught to personate a Mortimer as claimant of the

throne; York can bring his troops to England, as if needed for the quelling of disorder, to

> "reap the harvest which that rascal sowed:
> For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart, the next for me."

The Act ends with the murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloster; the suspicion of the king and people; tumults of nobles and commons; the banishment of Suffolk, and the death of the Cardinal in torments of remorse.

The Fourth Act then sets forth the killing of the Duke of Suffolk, captured at sea; and the Jack Cade rebellion, to the death of Cade.

The Fifth Act begins with the return of York from Ireland at the head of his troops—

> "From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right
> And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head"—

and ends with a scene of civil war at the first battle of St. Albans—the killing of old Clifford in battle by the Duke of York, and the son's heart turned to stone at sight of his dead father—

> "York not our old men spares;
> No more will I their babes."

The course of events has let slip the dogs of war, the first blood is drawn, the cruelty of civil war has laid its curse upon the land, and the play ends when it has reached that point towards which its whole action has been steadily directed. The plot is not of Shakespeare's framing, but the playwright by whom it was arranged worked as an artist, with a clear sense of what he was about, and in his arrangement of its parts he never lost sense of the unity of its design.

Shakespeare himself in his own later work, while painting wrongs and miseries of civil war, would not have been content to make the producing of such a picture the sole motive of his work. He would have arranged all his lines from a point of sight in some one simple truth of life, alike true yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; some elementary principle that is, as much as his life-blood, possession alike of the ploughman and the king. It is true that behind the picture of the cruelty of civil war there lies a showing of the source of discord in self-seeking that, like Beaufort's, has put Self in the place of God, and like York's, when he assents to the murder of Gloster, has sacrificed to earthly gain man's Duty to his Neighbour. In the relations between Suffolk and Queen Margaret we see also the selfish satisfaction of the lower passions as the source of discord. But when we come to the close of this series of plays in *King Richard III.*, which is more absolutely work of Shakespeare's fashioning, we shall see how such incidental truth becomes essential; the whole play being so shaped as to set one great and simple truth of life at the heart of the story.

H. M.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons.*

Of the King's Party.
- DUKE OF SOMERSET,
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
- DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
- LORD CLIFFORD,
- YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his Son.*

Of the York Faction.
- EARL OF SALISBURY,
- EARL OF WARWICK,

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his Brother.*
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.
VAUX.
JOHN HUME, *and* JOHN SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*
ROGER BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*
PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Albans.
SAUNDER SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
JACK CADE.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver*, MICHAEL, *&c., Cade's Followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE—In various parts of England.

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King Henry, *Duke of* Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, *and Cardinal* Beaufort; *on the other,* Queen Margaret, *led in by* Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, *and others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty[1]
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient[2] city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty[3] reverend bishops,
I have performed[4] my task, and was espoused:
And humbly now upon[5] my bended knee,[6]

[1] Majesty's command.
[2] ancient famous.
[3] then the.
[4] did perform.
[5] now most humbly on.
[6] knees.

In sight of England and her lordly[1] peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands,[2] that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.[3]

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than[4] this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,[5]
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,[6]
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,

[1] royal.
[2] Unto your gracious excellence.
[3] possessed.
[4] Welcome, Queen Margaret, to English Henry's Court.
The greatest shew of kindness yet we can bestow
Is——
[5] O, gracious God of Heaven.
[6] For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowed
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soul.

In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderliefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, and as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,[1]
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted[2] peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.[3]

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse[4] the

[1] Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
[2] confirmed of.
[3] Till term of eighteen months be full expired.
[4] wed and espouse.

Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.[1]—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine[2] shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

[*Duke* HUMPHREY *lets the paper fall.*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?[3]

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. "Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:

[1] ere the 30 of the next month.

[2] Item, It is further agreed between them, that the Duchies of Anjou and of Maine——

[3] How now, uncle, what's the matter that you stay so suddenly?
Humph. Pardon, my lord; a sudden qualm came over my heart,
Which dims mine eyes that I can read no more.

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload[1] his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,[2]
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?[3]
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,[4]
To keep by policy what Henry got?[5]
Have you, ourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

[1] unfold. [2] toil himself.
[3] And waste his subjects for to conquer France.
[4] spend his time. [5] in awe that stout unruly realm.

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,[1]
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league;
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as all had never been![2]

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?

[1] And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?

[2] Ah, Lords, fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done.

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?[1]

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;

[1] Transposed from a later part of the scene in the old play.

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stayed in France, and starved in France,
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.[1]

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,[2]
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;[3]

[1] Why how now, cousin Gloucester, what needs this?
As if our king were bound unto your will, &c.

[2] Nay, my lord, 't is not my words that trouble you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But I 'll begone, and give thee leave to speak.
Farewell, my lords, and say, &c.

[3] My lords, you know he 's my great enemy.

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,[1]
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

[1] For well you see, if he but walk the street,
The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying, "Jesu bless your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"

We 'll quickly hoise[1] Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.[2] [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes' in the land beside:
If Gloster be displaced, he 'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.[3]

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.[4]
While these do labour for[5] their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.[6]
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

[1] heave.

[2] But I will after him, and if I can,
I 'll lay a plot to heave him from his seat.

[3] Content. Come, then, let us about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[4] after. [5] seek . . . thus.

[6] My lords, let us seek for our country's good.

More like a soldier[1] than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,[2]
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee feared and honoured of the people.[3]—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[1] ruffian.
[2] Hath won thee credit among the common sort.
[3] Hath won thee immortal praise in England.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargained for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althæa burned,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S House.

Enter GLOSTER *and the* DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripened corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—

What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.[1]

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:[2]
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dreamed my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.[3]

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,

[1] What seest thou, Duke Humphrey? King Henry's crown?
Reach at it, and if thine arm be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it.

[2] My lovely Nell, far be it from my heart
To think of treason 'gainst my sovereign lord.
But I was troubled with a dream to-night,
And God I pray it do betide no ill.

[3] What dreamt my lord? Good Humphrey, tell it me,
And I 'll interpret it, and when that 's done
I 'll tell thee then what I did dream to-night.

But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.[1]
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:[2]
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crowned;
Where Henry, and Dame Margaret, kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtured Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

[1] Was broke in two, and on the ends were placed
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester
And William, &c.

[2] But now, my lord, I 'll tell you what I dreamt.

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be checked.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.[1]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

[1] Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream,
But I'd have thee to think on no such things.

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.[1]
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone: here 's none but thee, and I.

Enter JOHN HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty.

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promiséd,—to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,

[1] But ere it be long, I 'll go before them all,
Despite of all who seek to cross me thus.
Who is within there?

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I 'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold:

Marry, and shall.[1] But how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

[1] From this point underlining is used only to mark positive additions to the text or material changes in the course of the re-writing.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and others, with petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let 's stand close: my lord Protector will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and Queen* MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?[1]

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord Protector.

[1] *Queen.* Now, good fellows, whom would you speak withal?

Q. Mar. "To my lord Protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here! [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.[1]

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a

[1] Placed in the old play after the arrest of Peter.

pursuivant presently.—We 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition.*

Away, base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England ?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king ?
What ! shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance ?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke ?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion :
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads ;
His champions are the prophets and apostles ;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canónised saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest, and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demeaned himself in France,

Then let him be denayed the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,

Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.[1]

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

To be Protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,

[1] *Queen.* My lord, in mine opinion it were best
That Somerset be Regent over France.

And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Giving the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;

She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand.—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God, the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—That Richard, Duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees, he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hanged.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, John Hume, John Southwell, *and* Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS *above.*

Duch.[1] Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner, the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallowed verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or* SOUTHWELL, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

[1] 'Here, Sir John, take this scroll,' &c.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*

Boling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldam, I think, we watched you at an inch.
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapped up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit* DUCHESS *from above.*

We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
All, away! [*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watched her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?
[*Reads.*] "The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?—
By Water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attained,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, Gloster, *Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yes, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord Protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal.
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I prythee, peace,

Good queen ; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blesséd are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blesséd for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Glo. [*Aside to the Cardinal.*] 'Faith, holy uncle,
'would 't were come to that !

Car. [*Aside.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter ;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep : an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords !

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—[*Aside to* GLOSTER.] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside.*] Are you advised ?—the east side of the grove.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster !

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—[*Aside.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum—*

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath received his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen in procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by 's sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters ; bring him near the king :
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What ! hast thou been long blind, and now restored ?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this ?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born ?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being called
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said,—"Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What 's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle: and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by-and-by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.

Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A miracle!"*

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers;
And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonoured Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of YORK's Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.[1]

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield;[2] and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;[3]
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;[4]

[1] My Lords, our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reveal unto your honours here
The right and title of the house of York
To England's Crown by lineal descent.

[2] 'The second was Edmund of Langley.'

[3] 'The fifth was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.'

[4] The telling of the claim of York is rearranged and improved.

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reigned as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm; deposed the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reigned.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;
Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March;
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king,
Till I be crowned, and that my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be performed,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.—
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*] You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiléd of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judgéd thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS *and the other Prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once,—
His lady banished, and a limb lopped off;
This staff of honour raught:—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right![1]

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

[1] Then call them forth that they may try their rights,

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money

that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies

in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.[1]

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.
And God in justice hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and Servants, in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punished duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

[1] *Peter.* O God, I give thee praise.

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think, she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,
And followed with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviséd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will:
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell,
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er asked herein before? This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave :—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again ;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her : and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me : my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeared,
Because I wished this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence ;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;

There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be used reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady :
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell : thy office is discharged.--
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
No ; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way : I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *Cardinal* Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse, my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,[1]
And passeth by with stiff unbowéd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

1 And he will neither move nor speak to us.

But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be feared they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wronged the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
For he 's disposéd as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watched the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disburséd to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.

Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;[1]
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggéd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirred up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
Myself had notice of your cónventicles;
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,

[1] Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice.

As if she had subornéd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drowned with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I proved thee false, or feared thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimmed eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowéd enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say—'Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.'[1]

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.[2]

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death.
'T is meet he be condemned by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;

[1] The original from which this speech has been developed is in three lines :—

Ay, Margaret. My heart is killed with grief,
Where I may sit, and sigh in endless moan,
For who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

[2] In mine opinion it were good he died,
For safety of our King and Commonwealth.

The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than distrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true: and were 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood,
As Humphrey proved by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoken it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom. [1]

[1] In the old play, after the image of the Fox and Lamb, there is only this:

Car. Then let him die before the commons know,
For fear that they do rise in arms for him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employed;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stayed in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charáctered on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

York. Then do it suddenly, my lords.
Suf. Let that be my Lord Cardinal's charge and mine.
Car. Agreed, for he's already kept within my house.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event. [1]

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:

[1] This is in place of the Queen's.
"Suffolk, remember what you have to do.
And you, Lord Cardinal, concerning Duke Humphrey
'T were good that you did see to it in time.
Come, let us go, that it may be performed."

I fear me, you but warm the starvéd snake.
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lacked, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porpentine:
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,

Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And undiscovered come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, racked, and torturèd,
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say, I moved him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatched the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatched this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approved in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream tonight,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The* KING *swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceivéd sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugared words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judged, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crowned with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wracked upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cowered in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—

And threw it towards thy land. The sea received it,
And so I wished thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart:
And called them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishéd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witched like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means. [1]

[1] These three opening lines are formed from the closing line of the speech which stands thus in the old play:—

My Lord, the Commons, like an angry hive of bees,
Run up and down, caring not whom they sting

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calmed their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

For good Duke Humphrey's death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolk and the Cardinal here.

And with my finger, feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed;* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-faméd duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murdered here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf.[1] Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey's foes,

[1] *Queen.* Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they, I trust, sir, are no murtherers.

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort termed a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scouréd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal*, SOMERSET, *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passéd speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

Exeunt SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. *Re-enter* SALISBURY.

Sal. [*Speaking to those within.*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banishéd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.[1]
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;[2]
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.[3]
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkéd tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were waked;
Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

[1] That they will err from your highness' person.
[2] They say by him they fear the ruin of the realm.
[3] And therefore if you love your subjects' weal
They wish you to banish him from forth the land,

That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign!
But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won.
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—[1]
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords, &c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow[2] go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

[1] If I say, I may relent; but if I swear, it is irrevocable.
[2] Hell-fire and vengeance——

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them!
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixéd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargéd gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmised whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banishéd myself;
And banishéd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishéd,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overchargéd soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, locked into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bedchamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible![1]

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingéd soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

[1] Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.[1]

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.[2] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

[1] —— doth gripe his heart.

[2] Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performed.

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*pointing to* SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.[1]

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard.
[*To* SUFFOLK] And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

[1] This insertion replaces the single line,

"Then save our lives, it shall be paid."

There is also a judicious transposition, for in the older play the question of the other prisoners interrupts the dialogue between Suffolk and Walter Whitmore.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaimed a coward through the world![1]

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kissed thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

[1] Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

Remember it, and let it make thee crestfall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,[1]
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France ;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms ;

[1] Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk; I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *with* WHITMORE *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Scene II.—Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, Labour in thy

vocation: which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,[1]—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver*, *and others in great number.*

Cade. We[2] John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[3]

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, in-

[1] Robin the sadler.

[2] 'I' and 'my' changed to 'we' and 'our;' 'our supposed father' for 'my valiancie.'

[3] Sprats.

spired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,[1]—

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

[1] My mother came of the Brases.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be),—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.[1] How now, who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

[1] Transposed from a later part of the scene.

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*]—Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom,
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund[1] Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

[1] Roger.

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. —Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,

and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hanged up for example at their doors.—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men: 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY, *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourned so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes[1];
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

[1] My innocence, my lord, shall plead for me.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

K. Hen. [*To Lord* Say.] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have essayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE *and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let 's go fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight, the Citizens are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, Sirs.—Now go home and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other

books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,
Because my book preferred me to the king;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings
For your behoof.—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words;

but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.[1]

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade.[2] What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at

[1] If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
Then haste to France that our forefathers won,
And win again that thing which now is lost,
And leave to seek your country's overthrow.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

[2] Cade's speech is in the old play:
Why, how now, will you forsake your general,
And ancient freedom which you have possest?
To bend your necks under their servile yokes
Who, if you stir, will straightways hang you up.
In Clifford's next speech the only argument was that the king was merciful.

the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me,—I will make shift for one, and so,—God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishéd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—"Villiago!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.

Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject longed to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter below, a number of CADE'S *Followers, with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
And showed how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advértiséd,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distressed,
Like to a ship, that, having scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed and boarded with a pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed,
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come wife, let's in, and learn to govern better ;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition ! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me ; but

now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants, behind.*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiléd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleaséd from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a

thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men; and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famished man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,[1]
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

[1] The old text has for this line and the lines following:—
Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine, and every way as big, then hand to hand I'll combat thee. Sirrah, fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digged already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damnéd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels[1]
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt* IDEN, *dragging out the body, and Servants.*

[1] The closing lines only amplify the words of the old play:—
I'll drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and bear it. . . . [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK *attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong[1]—

[1] But, York, dissemble till thou meet thy sons
Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
And not far hence I know they cannot be.

O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art Thou!—
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou called, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

See, where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapped his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banished from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renownéd duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her customed right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,

Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their complices.

Rich. Fie ! charity ! for shame ! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.—Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed. [*Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will![1]

[*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,

[1] Of this passage between Clifford and York the motive is changed, in re-writing, from simple hate to the respect of generous enemies towards each other.

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—[*Seeing his father's body.*]
O, let the vile world end,
And the premiséd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordained, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of adviséd age,
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turned to stone: and while 't is mine,
It shall be stony.[1] York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

[1] The rest of this speech is much elaborated from the early text.

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting.* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight, nor fly;[1]
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopped.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

[1] In the old play there are three lines of the Queen's and three of the King's, both of one mind, to fly to London and there summon a Parliament.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Agéd contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;

And it hath pleased Him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternised in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

THE FIRST PART

OF THE

CONTENTION OF THE TWO FAMOVS HOUSES OF YORKE AND LANCASTER,

With the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. 185.)

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now. But sirrha George whats the matter?

George. Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here, He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nicke. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare, Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

Nicke. But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE *Butcher*, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, *and the rest, with long staues.*

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.

Will. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. Thats true, I know he can endure anything, For I haue seen him whipt two market daies togither.

Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen halfpenny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue

no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter WILL *with the Clarke of Chattam.*

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whose that Will?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.
Now, sir, what your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you,
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name?
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,
Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke. [*Exit one with the Clarke.*

Enter TOM.

Tom. Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade. Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise up sir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?
Tom. I his brother. [*He Knights* DICKE *Butcher.*
Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. [*Now sound vp the Drumme*

Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.*

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.
Staf. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes?
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.
Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.
Staf. I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.
Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay, I learnt it my selfe
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.
Staf. Well, thats true: But what then?
Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.
Staf. Thats false.
Cade. I, but I say, tis true.
All. Why then tis true.
Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.
Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.
Cade. But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that he shall

be King as long as he liues. Marry alwaies prouded, ile be Protector ouer him.

Staf. O monstrous simplicite.

Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staf. As how I prethie?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?
Answere me to that.

Staf. Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes.
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet* STAFFORD *and his men.*

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*

Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his brother is slaine. Then enter* IACKE CADE *againe and the rest.*

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence

to kill for foure score & one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of SUFFOLKES *head, and the Lord* SAY, *with others.*

Kin. Sir Humphrey Stamford and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

Kin. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

Kin. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do find thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

Kin. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter the Lord SKAYLES *upon the Tower Walles walking. Enter three or foure Citizens below.*

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1 *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honour from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liue
And so farewell, for I must hence againe. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter IACK CADE *and the rest, and strikes his sword upon London Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first year of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it shall be treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him downe. [*They kill him.*

Dicke. My Lords, theirs an Army gathered together
Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come lets away. [*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE *is slaine, and all the rest with him. Then enter* IACK CADE *again, and his company.*

Cade. So sirs, now go some and pull down the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dicke. That we burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to anything but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it.
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following: Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter GEORGE.

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,

For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

Mill. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in

Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milendegreene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently.
Away with him. [*Exet one or two with the Lord* Say.
There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see to me for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can tell.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and flaxe and squench it.

Enter Dicke *and a Sargiant.*

Sar. Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sar. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging.
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Brane him with his own mace. [*Exet with the Sargiant.*

Enter two with the Lord SAYES *head, and sir* IAMES CROMERS, *vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them kisse togither.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* CLIFFORD *the Earle of* COMBERLAND.

Clif. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then hast to France that your forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford. [*They forsake Cade.*

Cade. Why, how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade. [*They runne to Cade againe.*

Clif. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I myself will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company

Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.

[*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.*

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter King HENRY *and the* QUEENE, *and* SOMERSET.

Kin. Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?

Som. This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.

Kin. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene suppresst ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD, *with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.*

Clif. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

Kin. But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.

Clif. No, my gratious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

Kin. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Kin. Come let vs haste to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie. [*Exet omnes.*

Enter IACKE CADE *at one doore, and at the other maister* ALEXANDER EYDEN *and his men, and* IACKE CADE *lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.*

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrah fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turned to hob-nailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and* CADE *fals downe.*

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die. [*He dies.*

Eyden. Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it. . . . [*Exet.*

Enter the Duke of YORK *with Drum and souldiers.*

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes York amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?

Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare:
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

Buc I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,

Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subject as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A subject as he is.
Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I answeарde not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

Buc. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwise but so,
The King doth pardon thee, and granst to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

York. Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*

Buc. Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter King Henry.

Kin. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,

And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.
Kin. Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister EYDEN *with* IACKE CADES *head.*

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.
Kin. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life,
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?
Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.
Kin. Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthie act,
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.
Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King. [*Exet.*

Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.

Kin. O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?
Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brook that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.
Somer. Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.
Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,
And send thee there in dispight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the Duke of YORKES *sonnes,* EDWARD *the Earle of* MARCH, *and crooke-backe* RICHARD, *at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter* CLIFFORD *and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and* CLIFFORD *kneeles to* HENRY, *and speakes.*

Clif. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.
Yorke. We thank thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Clif. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.
Kin. I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

Queene. He is arested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?
Ed. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.
Rich. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
Kin. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE, *with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *with Drumme and souldiers.*

Clif. Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.
Yoong Clif. And so renowmed soueraigne to Armes,
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night.

Yoong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.
[*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET *and* RICHARD *fighting, and* RICHARD *kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*

Rich. So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now, behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.
[*Exet.*

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE *alone.*

War. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare.
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.
Clif. speakes within. Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-axe, through the fainting troopes to find thee out.
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter YORKE.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,

That ought but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter SALSBURY *and* WARWICKE.

Ed. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.
Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke.
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.
Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

[*Exet omnes.*

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